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SAN FRANCISCO AND BEYOND . . . By Senator Joseph H. Ball

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VOLUME XXVIII No. 17 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1945 FIFTEEN CENTS

Annual Pulitzer Prize Poll

SEEING THINGS
("Brave Man"—Ernie Pyle)
by John Mason Brown

"THE BEST IS YET"
by Morris Ernst
Reviewed by Hal Borland

"THROUGH JAPANESE EYES"
by Otto D. Tolischus
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

"THE COLLECTED POETRY OF W. H. AUDEN"
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

"COLLECTED POEMS"
by E. J. Pratt
Reviewed by Robert Hillyer

"FREEDOM IS MORE THAN A WORD"
by Marshall Field
Reviewed by William S. Lynch

"PIPE NIGHT"
by John O'Hara
Reviewed by Thomas Sugrue

—SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield

MORRIS ERNST "writes with a good deal of gusto about the worthy causes he has defended." (See page 8)

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GUAM, APRIL 18: ERNIE PYLE, THE GI'S COLUMNIST WAS KILLED TODAY BY JAPANESE MACHINE GUN AMBUSH ON IE JIMA, A 10-SQUARE MILE ISLAND JUST WEST OF OKINAWA=

This is what Ernie Pyle once wrote about the death of another well-loved soldier

IN THIS WAR I have known a lot of officers who were loved and respected by the soldiers under them. But never have I crossed the trail of any man as beloved as Captain Henry T. Waskow, of Belton, Texas.

Captain Waskow was a company commander in the Thirty-sixth Division. He had led his company since long before it left the States. He was very young, only in his middle twenties, but he carried in him a sincerity and a gentleness that made people want to be guided by him.

"After my father, he came next," a sergeant told me.

"He always looked after us," a soldier said. "He'd go to bat for us every time."

"I've never knowed him to do anything unfair," another said.

I was at the foot of the mule trail the night they brought Captain Waskow down. The moon was nearly full, and you could see far up the trail, and even partway across the valley below.

Dead men had been coming down the mountain all evening, lashed onto the backs of mules. They came lying belly-down across the wooden pack-saddles, their heads hanging down on one side, their stiffened legs sticking out awkwardly from the other, bobbing up and down as the mules walked.

The Italian mule skinners were afraid to walk beside dead men, so Americans had to lead the mules down that night. Even the Americans were reluctant to unlash and lift off the bodies when they got to the bottom, so an officer had to do it himself and ask others to help.

I don't know who that first one was. You feel small in the presence of dead men, and you don't ask silly questions.

They slid him down from the mule, and stood him on his feet for a moment. In the half-light he might have been merely a sick man standing there leaning on the others. Then they laid him on the ground in the shadow of the low stone wall beside the road. We left him there beside the road, that first one, and we all went back into the cowshed and sat on water cans or lay on the straw, waiting for the next batch of mules.

Somebody said the dead soldier had been dead for four days, and then nobody said anything more about it. We talked soldier talk for an hour or more; the dead man lay all alone, outside in the shadow of the wall.

Then a soldier came into the cowshed and said there were some more bodies outside. We went out into the road. Four mules stood there in the moonlight, in the road where the trail came down off the mountain. The soldiers who led them stood there waiting.

"This one is Captain Waskow," one of them said quietly.

Two men unlashed his body from the mule and lifted it off and laid it in the shadow beside the stone wall. Other men took the other bodies off. Finally, there were five lying end to end in a long row. You don't cover up dead men in the combat zones. They just lie there in the shadows until somebody comes after them.

The unburdened mules moved off to their olive grove. The men in the road seemed reluctant to leave. They stood around, and gradually I could sense them moving, one by one, close to Captain Waskow's body. Not so much to look, I think, as to say something in finality to him, and to themselves. I stood close by and I could hear.

One soldier came and looked down, and he said out loud, "God damn it!"

That's all he said, and then he walked away.

Another one came, and he said, "God damn it to hell anyway!" He looked down for a few last moments and then turned and left.

Another man came. I think he was an officer. It was hard to tell officers from men in the dim light, for everybody was bearded and grimy. The man looked down into the dead captain's face and then spoke directly to him, as though he were alive, "I'm sorry, old man."

Then a soldier came and stood beside the officer and bent over, and he too spoke to his dead captain, not in a whisper but awfully tenderly, and he said, "I sure am sorry, sir."

Then the first man squatted down, and he reached down and took the captain's hand, and he sat there for a full five minutes holding the dead hand in his own and looking intently into the dead face. And he never uttered a sound all the time he sat there.

Finally he put the hand down. He reached over and gently straightened the points of the captain's shirt collar, and then he sort of rearranged the tattered edges of the uniform around the wound, and then he got up and walked away down the road in the moonlight, all alone.

—from Ernie Pyle's BRAVE MEN

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The Saturday Review of Literature

San Francisco and Beyond

The United Nations Conference Is Only the Beginning of the Job

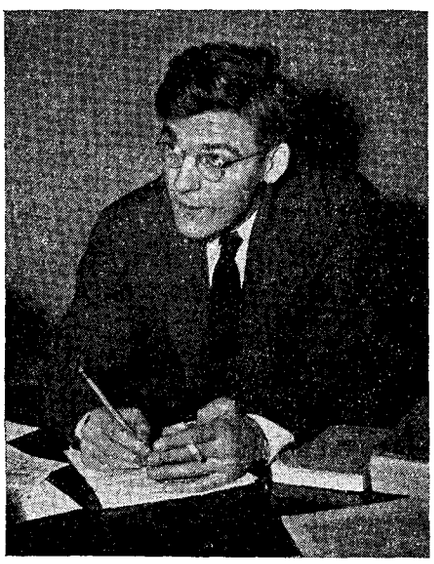
SENATOR JOSEPH H. BALL

THE greatest danger of all to our hopes for peace is that the peoples of the world, wearied by four to ten years of devastating war, will consider the job finished when the United Nations organization is established, and turn their interest and attention to other problems. If we should do that, then in a few years the United Nations organization would degenerate into a genteel international debating society, its power to act in a crisis paralyzed by political inertia.

To one who is aware of the tremendous changes which science, industry, and ideas are making in our world, the tendency of political inertia to thwart positive action to adapt our political thinking and institutions to these changes is terrifying. The statesmen who will operate the United Nations organization will be politicians. American politicians in Congress will determine our policy towards the organization and its problems. Left to themselves, their tendency will be to dodge and postpone the tough decisions, to let things drift, or to compromise with the nationalist leaders here and abroad who will always oppose far-sighted international action on the basis of narrow, short-term national self-interest.

Our best guarantee here in America that the new organization will not drift down this road to failure is for us to remain alert to these issues, informed on their merits, and determined that our leaders follow through on the task of keeping the peace.

Both peace and freedom depend finally on the individual in a democracy. Peace is inseparable from political liberty in the world of the future. If we value peace and freedom enough to keep them foremost in our political thinking and acting, regardless of party, in the next few decades, then the United Nations can do its job. But if a majority of us as individuals value other things—an old age pension, a government job, an outworn and futile prejudice against England or Russia—more than we value peace and freedom; or if we are just too



Senator Ball: "Tyranny and persecution anywhere in the world are a potential threat to our freedom."

lazy to inform ourselves and think through the issues, then our peace and freedom will not long endure.

It is not going to be easy to meet this test. Such issues as are raised by the Bretton Woods agreements, the Food Conference, to say nothing of our own trade and tariff policies, are complex and difficult. There will be a tendency under our party system to try to make political capital out of them, further confusing the problem for us as individuals. If through the cumbersome but essential processes of democracy, we move too slowly or make too many mistakes, there will be a tendency by many to demand simply that Mister X be given the power to act, and don't worry us about these things. That way we surely would lose freedom, and probably peace as well.

I stress the importance of our attitude here in the United States because I am convinced that our leadership, or lack of it, will be decisive in the effort to maintain peace.

Most of us here at home have no idea as yet of the tremendous impression which our military power has made on the whole world. Our fleet, our air force, and our army are unmatched anywhere on earth. And military power, actual and potential, is and will continue to be a great factor in international relations. When we add to our great military power the political goodwill we enjoy, and our economic influence throughout the world, it is difficult to overestimate the effect of our policies. Unfortunately, and partly because we have been in the process of changing our foreign policy the past few years, we are not yet exerting our leadership to the full. I would be the first to insist that the United States reach an agreement with our Allies on international problems, and reach it through compromise where necessary. But I do not believe that we should talk in a whisper about our ideas and ideals. The world would respect us more if we pressed more vigorously our democratic ideals and principles.

However, if our government is to exert that kind of leadership, we as individuals must keep informed as to the nature of and reasons for our policies and support those policies completely. Such issues as those involved in the Bretton Woods agreements, for instance, are almost as vital to future peace as a United Nations organization. Yet so far we have nowhere near the same degree of agreement on them. Likewise, along with our full participation in the United Nations organization should go the use of our political and economic influence to the limit practical to support and encourage democracy everywhere in the world. Our influence, to the limit practicable, should discourage anti-democratic or fascist movements. No truly democratic nation is going to wage aggressive war and such nations would be our natural allies should war occur. Our own nation and the peace of the world both will be more secure the more democracy prevails among the nations.

The concluding line in Russell Davenport's poem, "America": "For freedom here, is freedom everywhere," states a great truth. But the reverse

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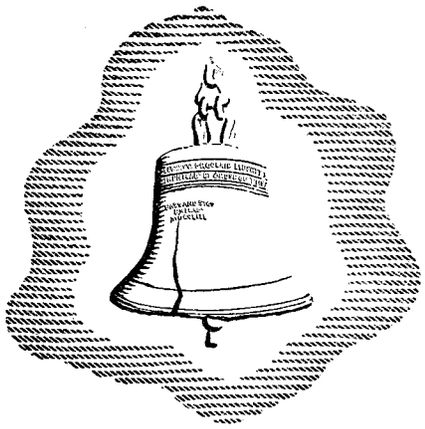
also is true. Tyranny or oppression anywhere is a threat to freedom everywhere.

Total victory in this war should include the overthrow of the fascist governments in Spain and Argentina. They are as much part of the Axis as was Italy's Mussolini, despite their last-minute conversions. I believe the United Nations should use every influence, short of force if possible, to



see to it that fascism is eliminated everywhere.

Personally, I would never again carry the doctrine of self-determination of nations to the point of acquiescing in persecution of minorities by any nation, or of permitting our political and economic support to uphold fascist regimes. Tyranny and persecution anywhere in the world are a potential threat to our freedom. There are many ways, short of using force, by which our government can discourage such tendencies.

I am reasonably confident that the San Francisco conference will agree on the charter of a United Nations organization and that the chances for Senate ratification of the treaty are good. They are not so good that we can afford to relax our vigilance or efforts, but they are good enough so we can look ahead. But a successful United Nations Conference will be the beginning, and not the end, of the job of keeping peace.

THE Dumbarton Oaks agreements will be the basis of the charter drawn at San Francisco. Events since Yalta have tended to open up the area of possible change considerably. I look now for some substantial modifications and additions in the charter, though the basic framework agreed on at Dumbarton Oaks will be kept. That would establish, as you know, an assembly of all nations and a Security Council of eleven members, with the five major powers, the United States, Russia, United Kingdom, China, and France, having permanent seats and the other six council members elected by the assembly every two years. A world court similar to that at The Hague would pass on judicial questions, and, we hope, would gradually build up a body of enforceable international law.

The responsibility for keeping the peace and settling disputes would rest entirely on the security council, which would have at its command quota forces assigned to it by member nations and directed, if their use became necessary, by a Military Staff Committee. The assembly, in addition to providing a forum for discussion of international problems, would have under it the Social and Economic Commission, dealing with many phases of international coöperation, and coördinating the work of agencies already established or being formed to deal with specific world problems.

A number of amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks documents have been proposed by Senator Vandenberg and others here, and others will be offered by France, Holland, Mexico, and other nations. Those likely to be seriously considered fall into three major categories.

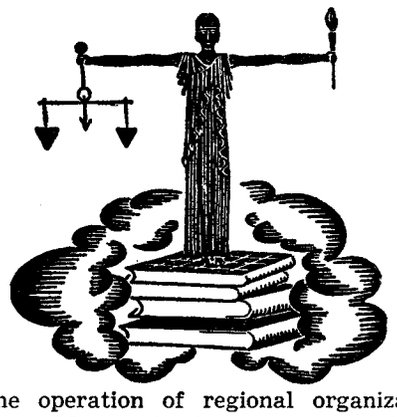
One group of amendments deals with the statement of principles on which the organization will operate. Some want an international bill of rights, others the insertion of the word "justice" as the guiding principle of the council, and others a specific reference to the Atlantic Charter as the criterion for decisions by the Security Council and Assembly.

All of these amendments, I think, would be good and helpful as the statement of a goal toward which we are striving. I do not believe they are indispensable and there is danger in over-emphasizing their importance. The nations of the world probably do not have enough common tradition and experience in working together on international problems to establish a fixed set of principles or basic law which would be accepted and would mean the same thing to all of them. The word "justice," for instance, as applied to international relations, probably would mean something to Russia quite different from what it would mean to us. Personally, I think the precedents and principles which the organization itself will hammer out in the process of acting on and deciding specific issues will be far more important in the long run than any precise guideposts we try to write into the charter now. Such a set of principles would have the tremendous advantage of common and uniform understanding among all nations brought about by democratic decision and action.

The second group of proposed amendments likely to be considered at San Francisco are efforts to strengthen the assembly and the voice and influence of smaller nations. Most important is the proposal to eliminate the present prohibition against either discussion of, or recommendation by, the assembly in the case of a dispute being considered by the security council. This change would be all to the good. It would provide an effective antidote to fears that the organization may degenerate into merely a front for a great power alliance. Likewise, it would provide a very effective check on any tendency of the great powers to disregard international morality for the sake of expediency.

ON the other hand, whether such a change is made or not, the assembly in practice is bound to have much greater power and influence than it has on paper. It worked out that way in the League of Nations, and the same tendency will be present again with the tremendous world publicity which inevitably will focus on the assembly and its debates; it seems to me inevitable that it will exercise great influence in molding public opinion on issues as they arise. And though we tend to forget it in these days of war and emphasis on power, in time of peace world public opinion has been and will be again tremendously important in determining international actions and relationships. Our organization can succeed only if it measures up to the moral judgment of the majority of mankind, and the assembly, whatever its authority on paper, will be the major instrument in shaping the judgment.

The third category of amendments proposed to Dumbarton Oaks concerns



the operation of regional organizations. Mexico, for instance, wants the Chapultapec Charter, pledging the American nations to go to the assistance of any one of them that is the victim of armed aggression, permitted to operate without prior approval of the United Nations Security Council, requiring only a report to the Council of action taken. France wants a provision which would authorize signatories of bilateral mutual aid pacts, such as hers with Russia, to carry out obligations of the pact, even to

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armed assistance to the ally, without reference to the United Nations organization.

There are arguments on both sides regarding regional setups. For instance, under the security council voting procedure, if an aggressor in this hemisphere could obtain the vote of any one of the permanent members, that member's veto would block any action against the aggressor. On the other hand, the United States certainly has a great stake in any regional actions taken in Europe. Twice in a generation we have become involved in wars having their origin there and we would want some voice in decisions made. The case is much poorer for bilateral treaties. France, for instance, could not aid Russia without crossing the territory of other nations. To permit such action by an individual nation would violate the whole concept of international organization.

Although there undoubtedly will be considerable discussion at San Francisco of voting procedure, both in the council and assembly, it is doubtful whether any substantial change will be made in the formulas worked out at Dumbarton Oaks and Yalta. Certainly the Russian proposal for three votes in the assembly appears headed for rejection if it is pressed. The proposal never did make much sense. The whole concept of Dumbarton Oaks is based on national sovereignty, limited only by a ban on aggression. The Security Council, with a monopoly on power to act, recognizes the preponderant responsibility of the great powers in keeping the peace through the permanent membership and veto power. The assembly, with one vote for each nation regardless of size, recognizes the sovereign equality in international law of all nations, great and small. Two more votes in the assembly for Russia would mean little and would violate that principle. If we were establishing a world parliament, with power to make laws, then we would have to adopt some kind of proportional representation under which Russia would have many more than three votes.

THE formula for voting in the Security Council agreed on at Yalta, by requiring unanimity of the permanent members for the use of force, gives each great power a veto on any action, even when it is itself party to a dispute. There has been considerable protest against this formula on the basis that it not only violates our common law that a party to a dispute shall not sit in judgment on that dispute, but also leaves all the great powers and their satellites in effect free from any control. I do not think the latter is true, as world opinion is if anything more effective normally on a great power, doing business all over the world, than on a smaller nation.

But the whole argument seems to me academic, since we are not attempting now to set up a world state. Rather we are trying to create machinery through which nations can act cooperatively to prevent war. Obviously, if any one of the major powers becomes an aggressor, we are in another great war and the organization has failed. Likewise if the United States and Britain voted a decision in a dispute involving Russia which Russia would not accept, the job of coercing Russia would be far beyond the quota forces available to the Council. It would require all-out war to coerce a great power. As a practical proposition, we and Britain would never serve such an ultimatum on Russia in a dispute, regardless of voting procedure unless we were prepared to go to war if the decision was rejected. We are building our organization on faith that the peoples of the five great powers want peace and will not launch aggressive war. Only time will tell whether that faith is justified. But without it, we could not even take the first step toward freeing our world from the threat of war.

It has been my experience in government that the form and substance of any law is only half the battle. The spirit and efficiency with which the law is administered and the degree to which it is supported by the people are at least as important if not more so in determining the results finally achieved. I think that applies even more strongly in the international field, where up to now written pledges have been honored chiefly in the breach. It is essential that we have the machinery for joint international action, but its exact form is far less important than that we and other peoples continue to support it and see that it works.

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch
We Have Laid the Foundation

The one most vital provision in the whole plan to me is that which provides for action by the Security Council itself against an aggressor. It may be asked, what business has the United States going to war to stop an aggressor in Asia or Africa? The answer to that is that the United States, as a major world power, should do its share in maintaining law and order in that world. This authority of the Council to act recognizes clearly for the first time the concept of the organized world community policing outlaw nations. I am convinced that it is only by adopting, supporting, and developing that principle that we can hope to preserve peace, security, and freedom for our sons and grandsons.

WE and the world were shocked and saddened by the sudden death of President Roosevelt, so closely identified with this whole project. We had come to rely heavily on his leadership and his personal negotiations with Churchill and Stalin to build the lasting peace all of us desire. But the pause in our plans for peace was brief. President Truman, by both word and deed, has shown that he will lead our nation on the same path of international coöperation.

We realize now that the plans for peace are going forward without President Roosevelt, as indeed they must. Our United States delegation at San Francisco, and those of other nations, have gone there under compulsion, springing from the overwhelming desire of their people back home to reach agreement on some program that will give us at least a fighting chance for peace.

In the long run this development, tragic as it is, may be healthy. It brings home the fundamental truth that leaders do die, and governments do change. To build our hopes for peace on the mutual trust and understanding of only three leaders is to build on sand. We must build instead on the solid rock of mutual understanding and determination among peoples. It is up to you and me, and all our neighbors, and our sons and grandsons in the years ahead, to watch the issues, to understand the issue, and to insist that our government take the action necessary to preserve peace and freedom, however distasteful or unpleasant it may be.

Only through such popular understanding and support is there any hope of saving future generations from horrors even worse than those being endured by our youth in this war. Our civilization, our democracy, is at stake. It is up to each one of us individually to measure up to this greatest test of our democracy.

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Potpourri: Autobiography, Memoirs, Etc.

THE BEST IS YET. By Morris L. Ernst. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 291 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

MORRIS ERNST is a provocative man with an invigorating mind. He wears his liberalism with as jaunty an air as young Joseph wore his colorful coat, and sometimes with the same effect; even when he occasionally gets marooned in a well he comes out in time to lunch with the country's big-shots and twit them about their reactionism.

He writes with a good deal of gusto about the worthy causes he has defended, but the book is a hodge-podge of autobiography, philosophy, family memoirs, sidebar laudation of his friends and cracks at his enemies, and mere trivia. He says he wanted to write a book about his scientific observations, but his publishers dissuaded him. Some of the notes on those observations got into this volume, however, and he might well correct the one on page 133, where he says that the sun sets "far to the north as we are about to leave the island (Nantucket) at the end of September." Either his compass is askew or his calendar is three months slow, because in late September the sun sets almost due west in this part of the Northern hemisphere. It has up to now, anyway.

But the greater part of the book is about Morris Ernst, his family, his friends, his causes and ideas. Whether you agree with his frequently cocksure attitude or not, you will find good reading in it.

Most of the familiar Ernst ideas are there. His insistence on the curse of bigness recurs a number of times; he even applies it to sailing a boat—"No boat should need a hired hand"—and growing a garden. But not until the very last page of the book, and almost as an afterthought, does he say that government as well as business can become dangerously big: "If the government grows too vast for its own breeches it will resent criticism and suppress objectors—ending in that sterility of the human mind known as totalitarianism."

One wonders why he finds the fundamental faults of too-big business to be greed and inefficiency while the principal fault he sees in too-big government is suppression of criticism. Perhaps that is because he believes in governmental planning for everyone: "With planning for us all we preserve unscathed a greater area of personal movement." There is room for argument about that statement; some of us don't care for incipient totalitarianism, from either business *or* government.

Mr. Ernst tells of his part in establishing free public employment offices, in the poll tax fight, in dealing with the Negro problem, in organization of the Lawyers' Guild, and in several of the more important Civil Liberties Union battles. Of poll taxes, he says he thinks their elimination "will make little difference (in government), just as when women were enfranchised." He throws some telling punches at the Communists; for Browder, however, he has nothing but ridicule.

He talks of Heywood Broun and the Newspaper Guild, which he says flatly was taken over by the Communists

for a time. And he writes at some length about the iniquities of the press. This part of Mr. Ernst's book particularly interested me, because it so well reflects a familiar line of criticism and so well demonstrates a peculiarly cockeyed type of thinking which one would not expect in a man presumably trained to follow an idea through on a reasonably straight course.

On Page 84 Mr. Ernst says: "There is no greater evidence of the thoughtfulness, vigor, and independence of the voting public than its ability to see through the selfish, distorted betrayal of news by the leading newspapers of this land. Candidates now run for office on little more than the slogan: 'No newspaper supports me.'"

On Page 90 he says: "The cartelization of the mind of America is well under way. No wonder we have a cynicism toward the press that shows up in every important election. F.D.R. running in 1944—an overwhelming re-election—had only 17.7 per cent of the nation's newspapers supporting him."

And then, after spanking Arthur Krock and the big newspapers generally, on Page 282 he says: "With our press in its present mood, it is simple to drive out of office practically any public servant."

Candidates run on a platform of no newspaper support, and win. Voters elect candidates whom the press opposes. But newspapers are so powerful they can drive public servants out of office!

What kind of argument is this, anyway? The American press has plenty of sins to answer for, sins of commission as well as omission. The vitriol of Krock and others, including Mr. Ernst's night club pal, Walter Winchell, is often poisonous. But when, O when, will the press-baiters begin to agree with their own statements? If the voters don't trust the press, just how can that press drive public servants out of office? Where does the Judas press get this mysterious power to remove but not to elect? If Mr. Ernst's thinking means anything, it means that press-shy voters elect public servants so lily-livered that they flee in terror from a paragraph in a newspaper which hasn't the power to influence more than a handful of their constituents. It just doesn't add up.

Another of Mr. Ernst's peculiar lines of thought appears in his chapter on Mayor Hague. He practically extols the Hudson County boss because he has put at least the label of legality on virtually all his overt actions. "He was a fully honest witness . . . This characteristic of openness was refreshing . . . Frank Hague was and is right, that American Communists are dishonest, neurotic folk. He was wrong in being scared of them. He was unfair in calling everyone a Red." . . . Unfair!

Mr. Ernst does make sense when he writes of censorship and prudery and divorce, and about sailing and carpentry. He obviously enjoys life and friends. And he enjoys a fight. For the most part he can make his stories of those fights entertaining. One of the most entertaining chapters in the book is his valedictory to Mayor LaGuardia, "our worst best mayor."

And one of the strangest aspects of the book is its almost total lack of feeling for any place except Manhattan and Nantucket. Mr. Ernst has traveled over America a good deal and he writes of matters distributed from Hollywood to London, but the whole book seems to be focused on lower Manhattan or in the Summer waters where Mr. Ernst does his sailing.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 578)

* JEFFERSON:

LETTER TO MADISON

The Declaration of Rights is, like all other human blessings, alloyed with some inconveniences, and not accomplishing fully its object. . . . The inconveniences of the want of a Declaration are permanent, afflicting and irreparable.

*March 15, 1789.

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"Extension of Heaven" (It Says Here)

THROUGH JAPANESE EYES. By Otto D. Tolischus. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. 182 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

WHEN Otto D. Tolischus was a *New York Times* correspondent in Germany he was less concerned with day-to-day happenings in the Reich than with their background. He was a pioneer in analyzing Nazi policies and interpreting the Nazi mind. When he went to Japan as head of *The New York Times* bureau in Tokyo he continued to dig deep into the background of events. "Through Japanese Eyes" is an excellent example of the Tolischus method of analyzing and interpreting.

When we attempt to forecast German or Japanese policies from the West point of view we are virtually certain of guessing wrong. We cannot hope to understand what the Nazis and Japanese imperialists are doing and trying to do if we continue to interpret their actions from the American standpoint. As a nation we Americans missed the boat when "Mein Kampf" was published, because most of us refused to take it seriously. We could not reconcile an *opéra bouffe* mustache with an Olympian bid for world power. Yet there the Nazis' plans were set down in black and white for anyone to read. Are we now making a similar mistake about the Japanese? We are discussing what they will do when they find their military power disintegrating; we are guessing what they may be thinking about the future of their empire.

That is a harmless enough pastime. If we really hope, however, to understand what Japan is up to, we must know something of the Japanese mind. "Through Japanese Eyes" is a kind of Japanese "Mein Kampf." The chief difference is that the Nazi book was ostensibly written by one man, while this volume is a compilation of the statements—official and personal—of hundreds of leading Japanese.

> The Japanese [says Mr. Tolischus] are usually considered to be mysterious, inscrutable, secretive, and uncommunicative people, incomprehensible in their mental processes, unfathomable in their emotional reactions, and unpredictable in their actions. To some extent this is true, for the Japanese are unlike any other people on earth. But they are by no means inexplicable.

In this book Mr. Tolischus combines their words and his interpretations to make them explicable.

From the words of Major General Tada we get some conception of the Nipponese sense of international ethics. "The divine mission of Japan," declares the General, "puts her above treaty breaking because what would be wrong in the rest of the world is right in Japan. For Japan, any means justifies the end." The Mukden "incident," the rape of Nanking, and the Kurusu mission are but three examples of those cynical, dishonest, and cruel means.

To Americans the word "peace" means one thing; to Japanese imperialists it means something else again. Here is "peace" according to Professor Komaki of Kyoto Imperial University:

> Japan is the foundation and the axis of the world. The world must be unified around Japan. Without unity there will be no peace. When the world is unified under one power, then there will be eternal peace. Japan is the ruling nation of the world.

America's Pacific neighbor speaking!

As to the divinity that hedges our peace-minded neighbor, a certain Tokyo spokesman explains: "Nippon is an extension of the ideal state of heaven. So believed our ancestors, so do we still believe; and this faith is the foundation stone of our racial unity." To which Cigaku Tanaka adds: "It goes without saying that Nippon as a country founded by the Gods is a divine country." Hokum? Perhaps it is. But if we are intelligent about our country's relations with the Sons-of-Heaven we shall neither ignore it nor laugh at it. It is more sinister than preposterous.

"The United States," says Admiral Takahashi, well-known naval commentator, "is a patch quilt of heterogeneous population, lacking entirely in national consciousness and the spirit of loyalty, such as possessed by the Japanese." So the Japanese misunderstood and underrated us. This led the loyal Nipponese into the fatal blunder of attacking a country with spiritual strength and an industrial-military potential so vastly greater than their own. Let them make mistakes about us, but let us not even matters by making any more mistakes about them.

Now that the Soviet Union has broken relations with Japan, it is interesting to see how Nippon feels about her powerful Asiatic neighbor. Last July Kuniaki Koiso, then Prime Minister, told the press: "Japan will maintain friendly relations with the Soviet Union, and exert her best efforts in order to avoid unnecessary provocations." This is quite a different tone from the rantings of the "Manchurian gang" against Russia only a few years ago. The battles of Midway, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa are facts which no amount of Japanese bluster can destroy. Hence Tokyo's growing fear of war on two fronts. Both official and unofficial Japanese statements on Russia betray Nipponese uneasiness about Tokyo's relations with Moscow.

It would be misleading to give the impression that "Through Japanese Eyes" is merely an anthology of Japanese quotations. It is a great deal more than that. Mr. Tolischus introduces the quotations with characteristically shrewd, wise comment. Together they constitute an illuminating survey of Japanese ethics, racism, imperialism, and global plans. Above all they help lay bare for us the Nipponese mind. As we approach the problems of organizing the peace in the Pacific, we shall need to have a better understanding of the Japanese than we have had in the past. As an aid to that understanding this well-documented volume is highly recommended.

Japanese trapped in a blockhouse on Namur, a Japanese island fortress in the Pacific.

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The Change and Growth of W. H. Auden

THE COLLECTED POETRY OF W. H. AUDEN. New York: Random House. 1945. 466 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

COMMENTARY on W. H. Auden has run the entire critical range from unrestrained superlatives to polished patronization. His work has been variously appraised as intensely brilliant and elaborately obscure, intellectually fused and perversely private, a technical tour de force and (in Harry Levin's phrase) "an enduring delight." Now, at thirty-eight, Auden collects some two hundred and twenty-five poems and proves that all the varying estimates were just and all the contradictions are true.

The collection is prefaced by a paragraph so disarming and, at the same time, so convincing, so ingenuous, and so genuine, that any writer intent on preserving his past might read it with profit: "In the eyes of every author, I fancy, his own past work falls into four classes. First, the pure rubbish which he regrets ever having conceived; second—for him the most painful—the good ideas which his incompetence or impatience prevented from coming to much ('The Orators' seems to me such a case of the fair notion fatally injured): third, the pieces he has nothing against except their lack of importance; these must inevitably form the bulk of any collection since, were he to limit it to the fourth class alone, to those poems for which he is honestly grateful, his volume would be too depressingly slim."

As his own compiler, Auden has not made it easy for the reader who wishes to trace his "development." For one thing, unlike most poets, he is his own severest critic. Students will be unable to follow chronology and signs of growth from the arrangement. Titles have been changed with wayward choice: "Ode to My Pupils" becomes "Which Side Am I Supposed to be On?"; "This Lunar Beauty" is now called "Pur"; "Sir, No Man's Enemy" has been entitled "Petition." It will be difficult for all but the most determined researcher to establish when Auden absorbed Hopkins and imitated Housman, when he assimilated Yeats and rejected Eliot. It is to Eliot that Auden will most frequently be compared. Like Eliot, Auden has progressed from cynicism to mysticism, from a desperate distrust of the world to a profound hope for it. Like his brilliant predecessor, Auden, reflecting the kaleidoscopic bewilderment of his day, promises to become a spokesman for his generation. Not only his influences, but his references speak for him. The key figures to which he pays tribute are Yeats and E. M. Forster, Freud and Ernst Toller; the poems to Matthew Arnold, Henry James, and Edward Lear emphasize his convictions as well as his catholicity.

W. H. Auden has "progressed from a desperate distrust of the world to profound hope. . . ."

Yet change and growth are here, as definitely and as dramatically as in Eliot. Auden's early work, like Eliot's, was written mainly out of revulsion. Disgust of a sick world overcame pity; fierce satire and coarse mockery ran the gamut from bitterness to burlesque; the tone was desperate and morose. An atmosphere of foreboding, of imminent catastrophe hung over the world, an "immeasurable neurotic dread."

The style which framed Auden's early communications was a confusion of straightforward statements and involved subtleties. He mingled experiments in verbal montage with the most traditional, and even discarded, patterns; rhymes and rhythms as free as Hopkins's alternated with archaic villanelles, ballades, and sentimental ballads. To sharpen a contrast Auden revived a form as antiquated and cumbersome as the sestina.

About seven years ago, beginning with "On This Island," Auden simplified his style and intensified his diction. The early verse was obscure not because there was insufficient meaning, but because there were too many meanings. The aim was keen, but the objectives were uncertain; for every palpable hit there were half a dozen near misses. In the poems written since Auden came to America the effects are clarified, the ambiguities have all but disappeared. The music hall improvisations which he often favors—the purposeful blend of casual horror and baleful doggerel—sometimes make him seem the Freudian's Noel Coward; but the combination of acridity and banality is unsurpassably his own. No living poet has succeeded so notably in the fashioning of metropolitan eclogues. A passionate searching from within has reconciled the outer violence in such poems as "Heavy Date," "Venus Will Now Say a Few Words," "Leap Before You Look," "To You Simply" (an extraordinary love lyric), and "September 1, 1939."

In the later poems Auden has not relinquished his intransigeance or his provocative wit. He is still the bravura performer as well as the careful student in the Pope-like couplets of "The Double Man" (apparently too long for inclusion in this collection), in the sonnet sequence entitled "The Quest," in the half amusing, half emotional "Law Like Love," the uneven but profoundly disturbing sermon called "Depravity," the deceptively haphazard rhymes of the fifty-page "New Year's Letter," the macabre enchantment of "As I Walked Out One Evening," the teasing alliteration of "Jumbled in the common box," the poignant cry of "Lay your sleeping head, my love," and "Look, stranger, on this island now," with its exquisite music:

> Look, stranger, on this island now
> The leaping light for your delight discovers,
> Stand stable here
> And silent be,
> That through the channels of the ear
> May wander like a river
> The swaying sound of the sea.

The serious and probing poet remained in the ascendancy. Auden achieved a new nobility in the elegaic "In Memory of W. B. Yeats" and in the inevitable conclusion:

> All I have is a voice
> To undo the folded lie . . .
> Hunger allows no choice . . .
> We must love one another or die.

With "Another Time" Auden accomplished a further clarity. With "For the Time Being," a modern cantata, and "The Sea and the Mirror," a commentary which is a continuation of Shakespeare's "The Tempest," he came into his full maturity. The sense of lurking terror was supplanted by a sense of amplitude; the ambivalence, the paradox of self-torture and estrangement, was succeeded by a religious faith which is deeply searching if not wholly serene.

But the virtuoso has extended his range, and cleverness is no longer the dominant note. Versatile but no longer special, elaborate without being finicky, Auden has become not only the most eloquent and influential but the most impressive poet of his generation.

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Poetic Sensitivity to Time

COLLECTED POEMS. By E. J. Pratt. With an Introduction by William Rose Benét. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 269 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT HILLYER

THE work of Edwin J. Pratt, the Canadian poet, comes to us with a commendatory introduction from William Rose Benét and the praise of such poets as Laurence Binyon, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and John Masefield. Perhaps we Americans have been, as we have often accused the English of being, somewhat insular in failing to take note of the poetry of Canada and Australia. E. J. Pratt is a poet to be welcomed at once.

There are three long narratives, all of them highly successful. Two deal with adventures at sea, the tragedy of the *Titanic* and the heroic rescue by Captain Fried and the men of the *Roosevelt* of the crew of the *Antinoë*. "Brébeuf and His Brethren" is a noble tale of the martyrdom of the early French priests in the river wilderness of Canada. Among the shorter narratives, "The Cachalot" and "Dunkirk" are arresting poems. There are also some three score lyrics of varying mood and merit, and three Byronesque extravaganzas.

Pratt is a poet highly sensitive to *time* as the controlling element in human affairs. Although he possesses religious conviction, we feel that he is content to leave the map of eternity to other cartographers; he gets his main effects from the enormous background of geologic time and tide against which is set the exact flash of the passing moment of human inspiration, content, or agony.

> Human speech curved back upon itself
> Through Druid runways and the Piltdown scarps,
> Beyond the stammers of the Java caves. . . .

Prehistory opens gradually into history before the attention is focussed on the caught instant. Thus, the British crews at Dunkirk

> . . . had lain as sacrifices
> Upon the mortuary slabs of Stonehenge.
> Their souls had come to birth out of their racial myths.
> *The sea was their school; the storm, their friend.*
> Foot by foot and hand to hand
> They had met the legions
> On the beaches and in the surf,
> Great names had been delivered unto them;
> Caractacus,
> Taking his toll of the invaders
> In his retreat to the fens and hills;
> Boadicea,
> The storming of Londinium and Verulamium,
> And the annihilation of the Roman *ninth*. . . .

From this background emerges the motley fleet of the rescuers at Dunkirk, first seen as squadrons, then as individual craft with names and identities, manned by people who are picked out, character by character, in a series of miniature sketches.

This clear-cut outline of human events against the flare of time and space is reminiscent of the main method of Thomas Hardy. We find it in "The Dynasts" and even in a short story such as "The Three Strangers." The contrast between the vast and the specific does not belittle the narrative material; on the contrary, it emphasizes it beyond forgetfulness. The tragedy of the *Titanic*, we should say off-hand, is a minor item now that we have seen complete horror. But in Pratt's pages it is the never-ending catastrophe of man pitted against Time and the monsters of Time. First there is the brave confidence, the building and launching of the ship. The scene changes. Already the iceberg is lying in wait. The great vessel sets forth. Other human voices come to it from the primordial wastes of ocean, ship after ship warning that the iceberg is lurking ahead. The *Titanic* flies on. Now we are on board. We move through the saloons, we see the people, we overhear conversations, we go from the decks to the bridge. By the time the reckless little human endeavor and the ancient weapon of the sea collide, we are already at home on the liner and feeling as confident as the passengers. Then, after the crash, man in his heroic aspect reaches out of littleness and is equal to the majesty of the forces that destroy him. It is a casual heroism, one moment set against all time.

—*From the portrait by K. Forbes*

E. J. Pratt "'has enough vitality for ten poets.'"

In the tale of the *Roosevelt* and the *Antinoë* the main effect is similar, although here we have the triumph of man over the sea, and the story itself is developed through suspense rather than fatality. In "Brébeuf and His Brethren," the strife is not only between man and nature, but also between huge natural forces in the soul of man: the savagery of the Indians pitted against the redeeming faith of the Fathers.

In passing, I might include here a few details taken at random from my notes: the predominance of the Sea as the symbol of time; the immediacy of flashes from the past, with careful dating to the year, day, sometimes even to the minute; the use of superstition as a force from Man's remote ancestry; the regretful understanding, rather than angry condemnation, of man's inhumanity to man; the dramatic liveliness of single scenes, such as the poker game in "The *Titanic*," and of single images, such as "the cupped flare of the cigarettes."

The versification is exuberant and usually skilful. "Brébeuf and His Brethren" is in blank verse, sometimes opening into three-part rhythms with an effect almost classical. The two other long narratives are in freely rhymed pentameter, based on a loose couplet. The four-stress measure of "The Cachalot" is sometimes jarring, and I can not agree that this poem is one of the most successful; for the whale, as the instrument of Nature, is too casually tossed about in the shorter line. In a book of this scope, one can, of course, pick flaws. It can be argued that the verse of the extravaganzas is too extravagant. Throughout, there are rhymes and enjambments that sound awkward, and occasionally a hasty effect that can be considered only as a mistake. For example, on page 206 there is a deficient line in a passage of pentameters: "You with a broomstick out of doors," which shocks the ear with the ineptitude of the unintended.

There are excellent lyrics in the book, and again, if one were to look for comparison, one would be reminded of Hardy both in the themes—ranging from ironical character sketches to quiet meditation—and the wide discrepancy between the best of the poems and the worst.

I am in full agreement with the statement in Mr. Benét's Introduction that Pratt "has enough vitality for ten poets." He has also an alert sensitiveness to dramatic contrast, a sweeping view of time, and an abiding interest in the children and victims of time.

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The Political Credo of Marshall Field

FREEDOM IS MORE THAN A WORD. By Marshall Field. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 160 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

FREEDOM, democracy, justice—the great words are on the minds of men today as they never have been before. And yet as we examine the innumerable statements that are made in their name we find too often a soaring rhetoric that hides a confusion of purpose, rather than the clearcut and concrete principles into which abstract concepts must be translated. Hence the startling and forceful quality of the title, "Freedom Is More Than a Word."

And this little book tries to be what its title suggests, a coming to grips with "freedom," a statement of what it means to one man and how he thinks it can be achieved in a nation dedicated to it, in principle at least. Mr. Field puts it more modestly. "It is the groping of one man's mind toward a solution of some of the problems presenting themselves to us all today. In it I have wanted to give—an exposition of my underlying thinking and philosophy."

The result is a testament of personal philosophy. It is a testament in which the author states his fundamental belief in a kind of democracy that places its emphasis on the common man, one that discounts "gentlemanliness" in favor of a toughness that will work to achieve decent standards of living. This fortunately is not a novel position. Men of good-will have been working to those ends for a long time. And so if you wish, this book merely adds another title to the everlengthening list of books by authors who bear witness to their devotion to the truly democratic idea. This one does have the saving grace of being concrete and down-to-earth. It is completely without pretension or flourish.

From this point of view it can be considered a simple and straightforward account of the author's belief in the principles of Jefferson as he understands them, of his feeling that "a blending of individualism and cooperative participation is a prerequisite to a democratic solution of the problems of a society of free men." We cannot have too many testimonials to this position. They need not all be profound. It is enough that they are cogent. The pledge here is to a nice balance of individual rights and cooperative regulation, to the difficult way between free competition and overpolicing, to a healthy middle ground that is the true liberal position.

In this case there is a special interest in that Mr. Field can describe how he is using the tremendous financial resources at his command to translate this credo into reality. He has chosen as his battleground the arena of communication, "freedom of expression," for he shares the opinion of men like John Dewey, that, given free and unbiased information, people will arrive at fair and proper solutions to their social problems. "People must be fully informed. All shades of opinion, all significant versions of the facts, should have representation and be given free access to the channels of communication."

Probably the most interesting chapters of his book are those in which he tells the stories of the two newspapers with which his name is most closely associated, *PM* and *The Chicago Sun.* The famous battle to break what he considers the monopoly of the Associated Press is recounted with all its legal and moral skirmishes. The difficulties in the way of starting a newspaper today seem appalling and the dangers inherent in a monopolistic press are too great not to be a matter of concern to us all. Some of the pressures commented upon are familiar to most of us by now, such things as advertising, big business attitudes, dictatorship of publishers. Less familiar but just as important are the cartelization of news services, the astonishing number of our one-paper cities.

All aspects of communication interest Mr. Field. Hence he is concerned also with the place of radio, and information polls in the current scene. In fact he touches upon practically everything pertinent to any discussion of our present social and political ferment. In so doing he gives us an *apologia pro vita sua* that reveals a mind mature politically but retaining an attractive naivete, the rare attribute that withstands the easy cynicism and moral weariness of too many newspapermen. For all his aloofness in determining the policy of the papers he supports, there is an obvious affinity between them and him.

It is a nice coincidence that this book and the new edition of Alexis de Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" appear at the same time. It would be injudicious of course to attempt too close a comparison. The one is brief, contemporary, and personal, the other monumental and classic. Between the two lies a century of change and historical experience. Yet basically both authors are writing of the same thing and with a similar faith. Both are convinced of the rightness of democracy and are mindful of the labors that must be performed to achieve and maintain it. Both come to their position from backgrounds that seldom fit a man for it, Tocqueville from a French aristocracy that could produce a Lafayette, Field from an American patrician class that could give us the great liberal leader we now mourn.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MISSING MONTHS

Printed below are 15 quotations from as many poets which mention a month of the year. The months have been left blank. Can you fill them in correctly? Allowing 7 points for each correct answer, a score of 56 is par, 63 is very good, 84 or better is excellent. Answers, with the sources of the quotations, are on page 33.

1. Oh to be in England now that .....'s there!
2. The stormy ..... has come at last
   With wind, and cloud, and changing skies.
3. Oh, my luve is like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in .....
4. There is something in ..... sets the gypsy blood astir.
5. A noise like of a hidden brook in the leafy month of .....
6. ..... gave a party; the leaves by hundreds came:
   The ashes, oaks, and maples, and those of every name.
7. By the rude bridge that arched the flood, their flag to .....'s
   breeze unfurled, here once the embattled farmers stood.
8. The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
   You know how it is with an ..... day.
9. How beautifully blue the sky, the glass is rising very high,
   And people say, I know not why, that we shall have a warm .....
10. But winter, lingering, chills the lap of .....
11. It's ..... and the orchards are afire with red and gold.
12. No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds, ... !
13. 'Twas the eighteenth of ..... in 'seventy-five.
14. What is so rare as a day in ..... ?
15. Hail, bounteous ....., that doth inspire
    Mirth, and youth, and warm desire.

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Strictly Personal

HOME FEARS BURNING

WHEN the day comes to investigate the racketeering and profiteering that have gone on in this war, I hope the investigators don't limit their search to black markets and war contracts. I hope they turn their inquiries to those smug and righteous hacks who have found a paylode in the loneliness and fear of the wives and mothers of men in the services. I mean those half-baked popularizers of psychology who are responsible for the hundreds of articles and lectures that would have us believe that every veteran will return bitter and hateful, maladjusted and resentful. You cannot pick up a magazine or paper that doesn't carry in it somewhere a terrible warning to beware the returning soldier. As if we won't have enough battle casualties to care for, we must be made to believe that every boy who returns is fit only for an asylum. And as if the lonely bride or fearful mother didn't have burden enough to carry, she must have added to her worries the promise that her young man will return a monster determined to sneer at her charms or spit out her pie.

The utter lack of scruple and the complete disregard for the effect on the millions who read the pseudo-scientific tripe that is being poured out make one ill. For my money, the irresponsible fear-mongers who glibly take advantage of the easy sensationalism of the currently naive awareness of neuroses and complexes deserve every bit as much contempt as the purveyors of filthy postcards. Sometimes one is driven to his loudest and most obscene oaths. But even these are not enough when Sally, the girl who comes twice a week to straighten up a household with three youngsters, bursts into tears over the dishpan. Sally's husband is a sergeant. She has not seen him for two terribly long years. And now she is afraid he will not want to come back to her. It does not matter that his letters are affectionate or, for that matter, that the nature of his duties is such as to spare him the shock of actual combat. Sally has been reading, and anything she has missed consoling friends have told her. Why, in the name of Heaven, must Sally and others like her be frightened needlessly? Only a fool would deny that there will be men, large numbers of them, who will need expert psychiatric care. But there will be many more for whom the pent-up warmth for the traveler's return will be the natural readjustment factor as it has been always for men who go away.

Gloomy prophecy is profitable business in our day, made doubly so when it can be tricked up in the jargon of a scientific age. But much of the stuff that is being promulgated about the veteran's return seems to me half-baked and even wicked. Take, for example, the current warnings that we must ignore the scars and wounds of those who have been maimed. Unquestionably with some we must act as though we did not notice. With others, I feel sure, a decent display of sympathy and kindness will be best. Fundamentally, it will be a matter of taste and good manners. There is a good deal more danger of a man's sinking into an enervating self-pity if everyone seems indifferent and callous than if people are reasonably considerate. So, too, with this business of talking about the battles the veteran has been through. I have found myself stiff and tense with returning friends and students lest the conversation turn to the harrowing details of what they have endured. But no more. The youngster who had been at Tarawa insisted on telling me about it, and a colleague whose ship had been sunk off Guadalcanal wanted to know what-the-hell was the matter with me when I tried to avoid the subject.

My point is simply this—that generalizations about the behavior of fifteen million young men when they return home are difficult to make, and they had better be made cautiously. They had better be made cautiously for the sake of the veterans and for the sake of the millions of families to whom they will return. For one thing, the power of suggestion is pretty strong. More often than not a person acts the way he thinks you expect him to act. Give him the assumption that you expect him to be difficult and it's a safe bet he will try to be.

Implicit in the writings and lectures of these Jeremiahs is a dangerous lack of faith in the basic tenet of democracy, that the average man, if given a chance, is a decent enough fellow. Let us put the emphasis on giving him a chance and take the position that unless he has been actually maimed by shock or shell our returning soldier will act pretty much like the normal civilian he is if you take that helmet off him. Give him a job to his taste and the natural affection he craves and he will be little different from the rest of us. Telling him and his girl that he has become a creature apart won't help either of them. Freedom from fear is one of the four, and like the much aligned charity it begins at home.

Science is like theology in that it begets its illegitimate superstitions. Psychology in the hands of its professional and responsible divines has given our generation tremendous resources for health and sanity. We look to them to help those whom their ministrations can aid. Unfortunately, the nature of psychology is such that it can be exploited by those who seek power and those who are happiest when they can wag their heads in holier-than-thou attitude towards their fellows. There are money-changers in more temples than one. We have already been through the nonsense of depriving children of the affection due them lest there be a silver cord in every home; and we have gone far enough in decorating every little neurosis with its romantic ribbon.

We have got psychopathic cases in plenty for the responsible psychiatrist to worry about and there will be plenty more to keep him busy in the years to come. There are the fliers who made one misison too many and the other tragic cases of combat fatigue. There are, too, the fearfully large number of mentally disturbed already shown up by the draft. But, good heavens, let us not add to them. Maybe it would be too easy to paraphrase that wise man James Thurber and say let our minds alone. But the next time I read a warning to wives of veterans, I will remember that the last letter Sally got from France begged for another picture of her because the last one was all worn out.

WILLIAM S. LYNCH.

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John O'Hara's "Little People"

PIPE NIGHT. By John O'Hara. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. 205 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THE Irish have a sharp eye for symmetry of speech, attitude, and movement; a facility for detecting by phrase and gesture the minutest missteps of the ego. Among themselves each is the other's best friend and severest critic, and heaven help the lad or lass who puts on airs in his own neighborhood. It is a literary trait shared by the whole race, and it is the reason why almost any Celt can tell a story which, whatever the plot, will contain characters of interest and persuasion. John O'Hara has developed this racial ability for observation and deduction into a high and subtle art, and he has chosen to apply it where it will do the most good—among the evolving social classes of America.

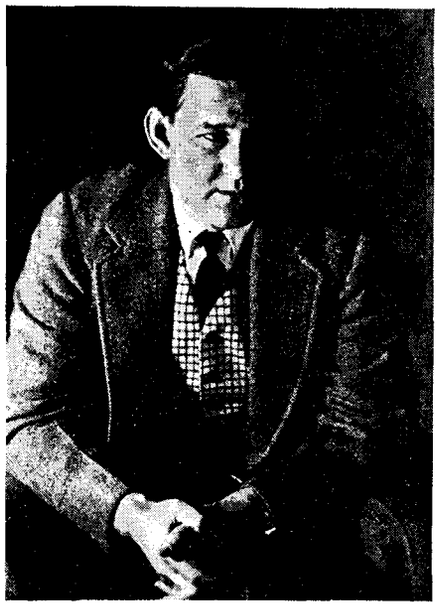
O'Hara has no use for the easy touches—the very rich and the very poor. He likes a middle ground, where the shadows are mixed and the chiaroscuro is a test for his powers. Primarily he is concerned with man against man, rather than man against the world; his characters move against each other rather than against circumstance or fate. They are little people, all of them, whatever their economic situation; they are crudely formed entities, unskilled in the use of themselves. Now and then a sensitive soul drifts in, but only for contrast.

Life and the forms of life are only dimly perceived by these vague, restless folk. They imitate what they believe to be proper and witty speech, but they get it wrong; it comes out with the mark of their imperfection upon it. They apply what they consider the civilized ethic to a situation, but it turns out to be the ethic in reverse. They have no notion of the ultimate purpose of existence and they are inept at pursuing the penultimate aim. Watching them with O'Hara's keen eyes and phonographic ear, we nod, smile, shudder, and learn.

There is not much humor in the thirty-one stories and sketches collected in "Pipe Night." It isn't funny business. On the other hand it isn't tragedy; the people concerned have not the stature for it. Mostly it is pathetic, or wistful, or frightening. There is a sickening lurch at the end of some of the tales, as if the train on which everyone was riding, including the reader, had suddenly left the track: a poker player discovers that the men he likes to be with don't trust him and don't want him in their company; a woman finds out that her husband is aware of her infidelity and intends to keep her with him so that he can torture her at will; a sailor on leave learns that the girl he loves is married to a man who not only is untrue to her, but doesn't mind if she is untrue to him.

O'Hara's people are tragically confused about morals as they relate to the business of love. The higher symbolism of physical union is hopelessly beyond them; they accept in its place a hodgepodge of rules based variously on patriotism, the home, and what is considered the civilized thing to do. At the apex and nadir of the social world these misinterpretations produce caricature. "A gentleman does not divorce his wife for adultery," say the upper classes, reversing the Biblical command; and, "This is my first marriage —I want it to be beautiful," says the debutante, expressing simple faith in the progression of marriages, which has come to be the accepted mode of living among her set. There are no such lines in O'Hara, for even if his people were arrogant enough to think of them and artless enough to speak them, they would not do so. They could not. They are struck dumb by the thing which has happened to them. It has affected them; and because this is so the O'Hara people are not as lost as those who are above and below them, are not as untouched by what they do and what is done to them. They may be suckers and eggheads, but they are learning. And they are suffering. Maybe that is the key to their appeal; maybe that is the meaning in O'Hara's work.

There is a wide range of geography, subject matter, and plot in "Pipe Night." But it is all O'Hara. Nobody gives the sucker a break, and he hasn't sense enough to give it to himself.



John O'Hara

Pulitzer Prize Recapitulation

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
FICTION	
A BELL FOR ADANO, by John Hersey *(Alfred A. Knopf)*	8
BOSTON ADVENTURE, by Jean Stafford *(Harcourt, Brace & Co.)*	8
STRANGE FRUIT, by Lillian Smith *(Reynal & Hitchcock)*	6
ELEGANT JOURNEY, by John Selby *(Farrar & Rinehart)*	2
FREEDOM ROAD, by Howard Fast *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce)*	2
THE HISTORY OF ROME HANKS, by Joseph Pennell *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*	2
A WALK IN THE SUN, by Harry Brown *(Alfred A. Knopf)*	1
BY VALOUR AND ARMS, by James Street *(Dial Press)*	1
FINAL SCORE, by Warren Beck *(Alfred A. Knopf)*	1
JOSEPH THE PROVIDER, by Thomas Mann *(Alfred A. Knopf)*	1
NIGHT UNTO NIGHT, by Philip Wylie *(Farrar & Rinehart)*	1
THE LEANING TOWER, by Katherine Anne Porter *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1
VALLEY OF THE SKY, by Hobert Douglas Skidmore *(Houghton Mifflin)*	1
YOUNG'UN, by Herbert Best *(Macmillan)*	1
BIOGRAPHY	
YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS, by Catherine Drinker Bowen *(Little, Brown)*	24
GEORGE BANCROFT: BRAHMIN REBEL, by Russell B. Nye *(Alfred A. Knopf)*	2
SAMUEL JOHNSON, by Joseph Wood Krutch *(Henry Holt)*	2
ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM, by Margaret Landon *(John Day)*	1
EDWARD BELLAMY, by Arthur E. Morgan *(Columbia University Press)*	1
'FIRST WITH THE MOST' FORREST, by Robert Selph Henry *(Bobbs-Merrill)*	1
HENRY JAMES: THE MAJOR PHASE, by F. O. Matthiessen *(Oxford University Press)*	1
IMMORTAL WIFE, by Irving Stone *(Doubleday, Doran)*	1
PERSONS AND PLACES, by George Santayana *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*	1
PHILADELPHIA LAWYER, by George Wharton Pepper *(J. B. Lippincott)*	1
HISTORY	
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS, by Douglas Southall Freeman *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*	10
THE WORLD OF WASHINGTON IRVING, by Van Wyck Brooks *(E. P. Dutton)*	7
BASIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Charles and Mary Beard *(Doubleday, Doran)*	5
TEN YEARS IN JAPAN, by Joseph C. Grew *(Simon & Schuster)*	1
THE GREAT LAKES, by Harlan Hatcher *(Oxford University Press)*	1
THE USE OF PRESIDENTIAL POWER, by George Fort Milton *(Little, Brown)*	1
TIME FOR DECISION, by Sumner Welles *(Harper)*	1
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME, by Dixon Wecter *(Houghton Mifflin)*	1
POETRY	
MY COUNTRY, by Russel W. Davenport *(Simon & Schuster)*	10
NEVERTHELESS, by Marianne Moore *(Macmillan)*	4
1 x 1, by E. E. Cummings *(Henry Holt)*	3
V-LETTER AND OTHER POEMS, by Karl Jay Shapiro *(Reynal & Hitchcock)*	2
ALBUM OF DESTINY, by Jesse Stuart *(E. P. Dutton)*	1
BEAST IN VIEW, by Muriel Rukeyser *(Doubleday, Doran)*	1
SELECTIONS, by Emma Lazaraus *(Cooperative Book League, International Workers Order)*	1
SELECTED POEMS, 1923-43, by Robert Penn Warren *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1
THE MIDDLE KINGDOM, by Christopher Morley *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1
THE SOUND I LISTENED FOR, by Robert Francis *(Macmillan)*	1

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Individual Nominations of the Nation's Book Reviewers

The Saturday Review's Annual Pulitzer Prize Poll

Name	*Fiction Vote*	*Biography Vote*	*History Vote*	*Poetry Vote*
BEULAH AMIDON, *Survey Graphic*	Strange Fruit	Yankee from Olympus	The Great Lakes	Nevertheless
STANLEY K. ANDERSON, *The Cleveland Press*	Strange Fruit	Edward Bellamy	No Vote	My Country
DAVID APPEL, *Chicago Daily News*	Freedom Road	Yankee from Olympus	Lee's Lieutenants	My Country
CLYDE BECK, *The Detroit News*	Final Score	Samuel Johnson	Lee's Lieutenants	The Sound I Listened For
CLIP BOUTELL, *New York Post and Syndicate*	Boston Adventure	Yankee from Olympus	No Vote	No Vote
HELEN BOWER, *Detroit Free Press*	A Bell for Adano	Yankee from Olympus	No Vote	Emma Lazarus
MARSHALL BRAGDON, *Springfield Republican*	A Bell for Adano	Yankee from Olympus	Basic History of the United States	Beast in View
FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*	Valley of the Sky	Yankee from Olympus	Lee's Lieutenants	V-Letter and Other Poems
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS, *The Miami Herald*	Boston Adventure	Yankee from Olympus	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*	A Bell for Adano	Yankee from Olympus	Basic History of the United States	My Country
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*	Night Unto Night	Yankee from Olympus	Time for Decision	My Country
ROBERT O. FOOTE, *Pasadena Star-News*	Strange Fruit	Yankee from Olympus	The World of Washington Irving	My Country
ROBERT VAN GELDER, *N. Y. Times Book Review*	A Bell for Adano	Henry James: The Major Phase	Lee's Lieutenants	Nevertheless
MARION GREEN, *Louisville Times*	History of Rome Hanks	Yankee from Olympus	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*	A Bell for Adano	Yankee from Olympus	Ten Years in Japan	Selected Poems of Robert Penn Warren, 1923-43
H. H. HARTLEY, *Toledo Times*	No Vote	Immortal Wife	No Vote	No Vote
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World-Herald*	Young 'un	George Bancroft: Brahmin Rebel	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
MAX HERZBERG, *Newark Evening News*	Strange Fruit	Samuel Johnson	The World of Washington Irving	My Country
WILLIAM M. INGE, *St. Louis Star-Times*	Boston Adventure	Yankee from Olympus	Basic History of the United States	V-Letter and Other Poems
KENNETH C. KAUFMAN, *The Daily Oklahoman*	Strange Fruit	'First With the Most' Forrest	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
CHARLES LEE, *Philadelphia Record* / *Reader's Scope*	History of Rome Hanks	Yankee from Olympus	The World of Washington Irving	My Country
JAY LEWIS, *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*	Elegant Journey	No Vote	The World of Washington Irving	No Vote
HELEN McAFEE, *The Yale Review*	The Leaning Tower	No Vote	Lee's Lieutenants	Nevertheless
JOHN H. McGINNIS AND LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*	Boston Adventure	Persons and Places	The World of Washington Irving	No Vote
STERLING NORTH, *New York Post*	Boston Adventure	Yankee from Olympus	When Johnny Comes Marching Home	No Vote
W. M. REDDIG, *Kansas City Star*	A Bell for Adano	George Bancroft: Brahmin Rebel	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
LILIAN RIXEY, *Life Magazine*	Boston Adventure	Anna and the King of Siam	The World of Washington Irving	Nevertheless
MARY CARTER ROBERTS, *Washington Evening Star*	Boston Adventure	Yankee from Olympus	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
TED ROBINSON, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*	Elegant Journey	Yankee from Olympus	Lee's Lieutenants	The Middle Kingdom
CHARLES ROLO, *Tomorrow*	A Walk in the Sun	Yankee from Olympus	Lee's Lieutenants	1 x 1
KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER, *Newsweek*	A Bell for Adano	Yankee from Olympus	The Use of Presidential Power	No Vote
WINFIELD T. SCOTT, *Providence Journal*	Strange Fruit	Yankee from Olympus	Basic History of the United States	1 x 1
PAUL JORDAN-SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*	By Valour and Arms	Yankee from Olympus	Lee's Lieutenants	My Country
A. C. SPINTRITZ, *Chicago Sun*	Freedom Road	Yankee from Olympus	Lee's Lieutenants	My Country
HOWARD TAYLOR, *Philadelphia Inquirer*	Boston Adventure	Philadelphia Lawyer	Lee's Lieutenants	1 x 1
WALTER WHITWORTH, *Indianapolis News*	Joseph the Provider	Yankee from Olympus	Basic History of the United States	Album of Destiny
DALE WILSON, *Milwaukee Journal*	A Bell for Adano	Yankee from Olympus	The World of Washington Irving	My Country

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A LITTLE SANITY, PLEASE!

AS Mr. Lynch points out in his "Strictly Personal" contribution this week, there has been too much loose talking and thinking about the returning veterans as neurotics. For some time we have been worried about what these young men will be like when we see them again; but we are now even more concerned about how they will view the town they left, the job which may be waiting for them, the family they said goodbye to. The soldiers themselves read the articles and stories in magazines about the difficulties we expect to meet in readjusting them to our lives, and, as Mr. Lynch indicates, what they read disturbs and angers them. Carl Carmer, who has returned with other writers from a trip to England and the Continent, describes the behavior of a group of American fighter pilots, stationed in one half of a Belgian orphan asylum, who roared off grimly on their deadly missions and daily returned in a tearing hurry to play with the kids before they were put to bed. One of them said sharply, "Do you think that men who behave like that are going to turn into killers when they reach home?"

But perhaps even more serious than our apprehensions about the returned soldier is the guilt complex from which the civilian population is beginning to suffer, or from which some of our writers seem to feel that it should suffer. At the end of the First World War the British invented a phrase which caused trouble later on, "A land fit for heroes to live in." Today in this country we are repeating the same slogan, but with moral overtones. We intend to make the country at least economically fit for the returned soldier, but we are told that financial security isn't enough for the "spiritually mature" and disciplined young men who will come back to a country which will be in almost every other way unworthy of them. In order to exalt the soldier, the writer knocks down and defames the civilian. This is a dangerous idea and a false one, too. If it is carried too far, it will result in an orgy of self-abasement and emotional reform which we will live to regret later on. On the other hand, it is doubtful if the soldier will feel at ease with a spiritually exalted and totally reformed father, mother, and sweetheart. If he loved them when he left home, he will probably feel the same way about them in their unreformed state when he gets back, and if his father offers him a drink from the old bottle in the sideboard, he will doubtless drink without a qualm a toast to no more wars.

Besides, there is something un-American, except in the terms of a Southern camp-meeting revival, in this swift acknowledgment of guilt and promise of redemption. We doubt if the American public was deeply aware that it was sunk in guilt and shame until the writers began to announce it. Our people probably felt that they were doing a good job as an unmilitary nation in keeping the home fires burning, submitting patiently to wartime exactions, and laboring to build up the most prodigious industrial machine for war that the world has ever seen or dreamed of, besides oversubscribing to bond issues of billions whenever they were offered.

In a recent article in *The Saturday Evening Post,* "Are We Worthy to Welcome Them Home?," Archibald Rutledge takes a sledge hammer to the self-esteem of the American home folks. Some of his sentences are worth quoting to show how far this emotional breast-beating and self-flagellation can go and yet maintain some show of calm and reason. He asks:

> Are we seeing to it that they shall come back to a hale and wholesome land, to a land spiritually cleansed, a land that is a reasonable facsimile of the one they dream of, of the one they believe themselves defending. Or are we going to let them return to the old selffishness, cupidity, the swine-and-slop politician, the arrogant labor boss, the parlor pinks of Washington, the heartless employer, the business rival? . . .
>
> They [soldiers returning from the front] find in the land they love the old political gangs, racial intolerance, scoundrels in public office, irresponsible strikers, the lascivious night-club air of those who have fattened on war and death.
>
> Such men cannot help contrasting our cant, greed, luxury, hypocrisy, lust, and avarice with the stern discipline, the heroic exaltation, the lean and sunburned strength, the self-denial, the constant fortitude, the vigilant human comradeship, and the high-hearted devotion of the men with whom they have been associating. They wonder if chiselers, black marketeers, bootleggers, haggard and shameless women, and all other betrayers of their country are worth fighting for.
>
> Do we think to feed their hearts as well as their bodies with bonuses and jobs, to appease their moral hunger with money, to insult their spirits with a mere economic welcome?

In Mr. Rutledge's entire article he has nothing to say about the virtues of the American people. He portrays this country as a sink of iniquity and the soldier as a pure knight in shining armor. He certainly could not have intended to take a leaf out of Hitler's and Mussolini's book, though the elevation of the soldier and the debasement of the home population is one of the dictator's favorite devices. Nor could he have imagined that in his attack against the radicals in Washington, the strikers and the arrogant labor bosses, the reader might imagine a motive not quite in tone with the holy crusade toward which we are to be led.

Do Mr. Rutledge and writers like him imagine that America could or should "reform" overnight? The "haggard women" are an unhappy part of human society man has been unsuccessfully trying to be rid of for centuries. The night-club air isn't so bad now that they close at midnight, nor are night-clubs necessarily evil. They certainly distract and give pleasure to hundreds of thousands of men in uniform. The strikes which have recurred throughout the war were perhaps the unavoidable expression of the sudden change to total employment in a democracy. The increase in juvenile crime is unavoidable in any war. The political gangs, the dishonest politicians we have always had and probably always will have with us, though there are less public dishonesty and more honest and hard-working servants of the public today than we have ever had in a time of crisis before. Racial intolerance we still have with us, but it is certain that it was never better understood or more wisely attacked.

At every point this assault on the morality of the people who have stayed at home and who for the most part have worked as they never worked before and have saved as they never saved before, breaks down when it is examined calmly. We do not believe that the boys are Galahads who look at their country as "vermin ridden." But we do believe that we ought to outgrow these emotional outbursts against both the civilian and the soldier and prepare ourselves in a sane spirit to meet the overwhelming task of finding a place worthy of them in our country, without bothering too much about either the soldier's state of mind and morale or our own.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Waiting—for What?"

SIR: I read three things recently that moved me deeply. They make a curious pattern. The first was an account of a recent Gallup Poll, listing the percentages of people who feel that another war is inevitable. The second was a letter from a former student of mine, Sgt. Ed Allgor, flier in a B-29 over Tokyo. The third was that magnificent editorial in the *SRL* of March 3, "Waiting—for What?" by N. C.

The first item plunged me into despair. If so many people consider a new war inevitable, then by that very thinking they help to make it so. If a famous military analyst can write in *Life,* "When the next war comes—and come it will," by that very remark we are nudged along the fatal path of another war. Those smug cynics who shrug their shoulders knowingly are contributing with every shrug a little toward a new war. Every well-meaning citizen who says despairingly, "Of course I hate war, but you know human nature: wars will come again," is making his little contribution to Armageddon.

The second item, from Ed, brought home once again with greater force the contribution being made at every moment by our finest men. How will Ed look upon the Gallup Poll, the military analyst's prophecy? How will all the Eds feel if they are told that their sacrifices are temporary stopgaps in the march toward final destruction? How can anyone be expected to risk his life if it is assumed that no real and lasting good will result?

The third item gave me hope. Here was a fighting editorial that put the cards on the table and pointed out the bankruptcy of the attitude of resignation. Here was an editorial that dared to say, *"This is our last chance* —there will be no other if we throw this away." Apocalyptical literature has often foretold the destruction of civilizations. Now it really looks as if another war, robombed along, will do the trick. Can you not have this editorial reprinted, distributed to a wider circle than is represented by your readers? It is a message that is made too seldom these days. The rabid Russia-baiters, Anglophobes, and breeders of hate and fear are publicizing *their* cause. Cannot we further publicize *ours?*

All of us have a responsibility individually: we must destroy immediately wherever and whenever it appears the attitude that war is, in the nature of things, unavoidable. We must use analogy—the growth of larger and larger units like the United States—if need be. But above all we must point out that if enough people believe something is so, it gains acceptance whether it is true or not. We cannot afford to play around with the idea that "we can afford the luxury of several more wars."

HENRY I. CHRIST.

New York, N. Y.

"In the Tschaikowsky Fifth, we do *not* slap the bass."

Death in April

SIR:

Eighty years ago in April, oh my God,
A man died, a man died, and we died with him.
And today again in April, oh my God, a man has died,
And we have died with him, and all our hopes and visions.

They do not rise, the dead men, oh my God,
Not he of eighty Aprils past nor he of this.
But from the sorrow that is death we rose, we rose,
And we shall rise again, and all our hopes and visions.

We know the numb face of disaster, oh my God.
We are well schooled, well schooled, in death and sorrow.
But we have not forgotten, oh my God, nor shall forget,
Not April past, or now, or all our hopes and visions.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Cal.

Order of Merit for Housman

SIR: Apropos of Mr. David Lloyd's recent passing, your readers may be interested in what the novelist Francis Brett Young wrote me a few years ago. It brings out a side of the First World War Premier not generally known:

Some years ago I was discussing with Mr. Lloyd George the names of men of letters whom I thought fit for the Order of Merit, our most distinguished decoration. I insisted on A. E. Housman, but Lloyd George demurred. I asked him if he really knew "The Shropshire Lad" poems and he admitted that he did not; so I made him telephone to London that evening for a copy. It duly arrived, and he read the poems I chose aloud to us—superbly, for he has a voice of gold. During the night he read for himself the rest of the volume, and in the morning surrendered to my claim.

"I'll give you Housman," he said.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Missouri

Racial Attitudes

SIR: Mr. Overstreet's analysis in his article "Racial Attitudes of the Liberal North" [*SRL,* Mar. 31] is decisively valid. However, as in the case of religious revivals the persons most needing soul saving are not in the audience. Likewise it is too bad that industrial personnel managers and personnel in swanky employment offices react as if it is a joke in bad taste when a Negro technician or engineer applies for the open or advertised position for which he has the qualifications.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

HAROLD P. DOUGLAS.

Sacramento, Cal.

Anonymity at Fault

SIR: It would be interesting to know why Mr. Dabney, in writing on newspaper editorials in your issue of February 24, didn't even mention the most obvious remedy for most of the ills from which such writing suffers—namely, having all editorials signed, at least with initials.

CARL THURSTON.

Pasadena, Cal.

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TRADE Winds

AN EXAMPLE of the wonders that still can be accomplished in American bookmaking, despite all wartime restrictions and priorities, when the incentive is sufficiently great, is the story of Pocket Books' publication of a memorial volume for Franklin D. Roosevelt.

On the night of the President's death when millions of Americans were still reading the shocking headlines with unbelieving eyes, the editorial board of Pocket Books, plus Henry Commager, Bob Van Gelder, and Bill Benét, swung into action. All day Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, authorities were contacted, the contents of the book assembled, necessary permissions obtained. On Monday, a 256-page manuscript was ready for manufacture. Galleys were corrected as they came from the composing room. Paper previously allocated to other projects was requisitioned, the presses were cleared. Exactly ten days after the President's death, thirty-five thousand copies were on sale in the metropolitan area, and other thousands bound for every corner of the world. All royalties from this book will be donated to a charitable cause that was close to the heart of the President.

A lady recently returned from a long sojourn in China, heard of this marvel of wartime production, and said, "It's things like this that make American businessmen die at sixty." I answered, "This is one cause, I think, for which it's worth dying at sixty." . . .

THE AMERICAN PRESS, like the entire American public, handled the story of the passing of President Roosevelt with impressive dignity and good taste. There was an amazing lack of bathos and almost no crocodile tears from lifelong enemies of Roosevelt and his policies. The most touching editorial I read appeared in the arch-Republican *New York Sun* on Friday, April 13. I mean to keep a copy of that editorial for the rest of my life. Other confirmed haters of the New Deal printed tributes to the fallen leader that sounded sincere and from the heart. John O'Donnell, whose reckless and unrelenting attacks on F.D.R. day after day in the *New York Daily News* plumbed depths in American journalism that I do not believe will be even approximated in the next hundred years, devoted one of *his* first columns after the President's death to gloating over the expected discomfiture and banishment of some of F.D.R.'s most faithful and hardworking advisers. Every other journalist in the country will be able to look back with honest pride on a painful task well performed in a moment of unparallelled stress and sorrow.

The world of books will have especial cause to mourn the death of a President who always showed his deep love for literature and a personal interest in the people whose livelihood depended upon it. Franklin Roosevelt definitely intended to write his autobiography when he retired from public office. He never had time to write a word of it. Historians will tell his story, however, in every minute detail, and in growing respect and appreciation, as long as America remains a democracy.

President Truman is not so well known to Publishers' Row as was the Franklin Roosevelt who took the oath of office in 1933. His conduct in his first trying days as President, however, has made the entire book fraternity feel an instantaneous confidence in his leadership, and a deep desire to know him better and help him in every possible way in the days to come. . . .

HARD ON THE HEELS of President Roosevelt's death came the jolting news of the passing of Ernie Pyle, and that of Joe Connolly, chief of I.N.S. and King Features. Readers of *SRL* who think of publishers and newspapermen as hard-boiled and callous should have seen the faces at Toots Shor's, Bleeck's, the Pen and Pencil, the Algonquin, and other haunts of journalists and bookmen. . . .

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY has gone to Australia to deliver a twelve-week series of lectures on American literature at the University of Melbourne. Whitney Darrow, of Scribner's, and Edward Hamilton, of Wiley's, also are bound for Australia and New Zealand. The trade will be eager to hear their first-hand reports on the marketing and distributing of books in those parts. The Australian situation stymied recent conferences of British and American publishers. The British claim an exclusive market in Australia, and have gone so far as to refuse to publish in England a book of American origin that has been sold previously to an Australian house for publication on that continent. American publishers freely concede the Australian market to the British on books that have originated in England, but believe that by the same token they are entitled to decide the disposal of Australian rights on a book by an *American* author, first published by an *American* house. Several Australian publishers, notably the strongly intrenched firm of Angus and Robertson, hotly endorse the American point of view, and point out that in cases where they have secured the Australian rights to an American best-seller, they have frequently sold more copies than could have been sold in all England. . . . Some kind of compromise can and will be worked out, but it will not be arrived at by hotheads on either side who flatly refuse to make any concessions whatever. . . .

HELEN FERRIS, EDITOR of the Junior Literary Guild, once wrote a book called "Girls Who Did," a series of stories with a vocational slant. At a public library branch last week she discovered a copy of "Girls Who Did" alongside Amabel Williams-Ellis's "Men Who Found Out." . . . Literary observation by Will Cuppy: "Whenever a heroine 'smiles a wry smile' within the first ten pages, the book is invariably lousy." . . . Gladys Burch is writing a new biography of Horace Greeley for Henry Holt. I hope she includes the details of his long-standing feud with a rival New York editor. That gentleman once boasted "Greeley had every advantage as a boy. I, on the other hand, am purely a self-made man." Greeley jumped to his feet and declared, "My worthy colleague has just relieved the Almighty of a terrific responsibility." . . . Edwin Valentine Mitchell, whose model Hartford bookshop is now a branch of Brentano's, has become assistant to Van Cartmell at the Garden City Publishing Company. . . . The article on night clubs in the forthcoming supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica was written by Sherman Billingsley, who runs a little place of his own called The Stork Club. . . . *PM* claims to have in its possession a copy of the "Poems of Dorothy Parker," in which, on the page that contains the immortal news item, "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses," an unknown initiate has appended in a feminine hand, "That's what SHE thinks!" . . .

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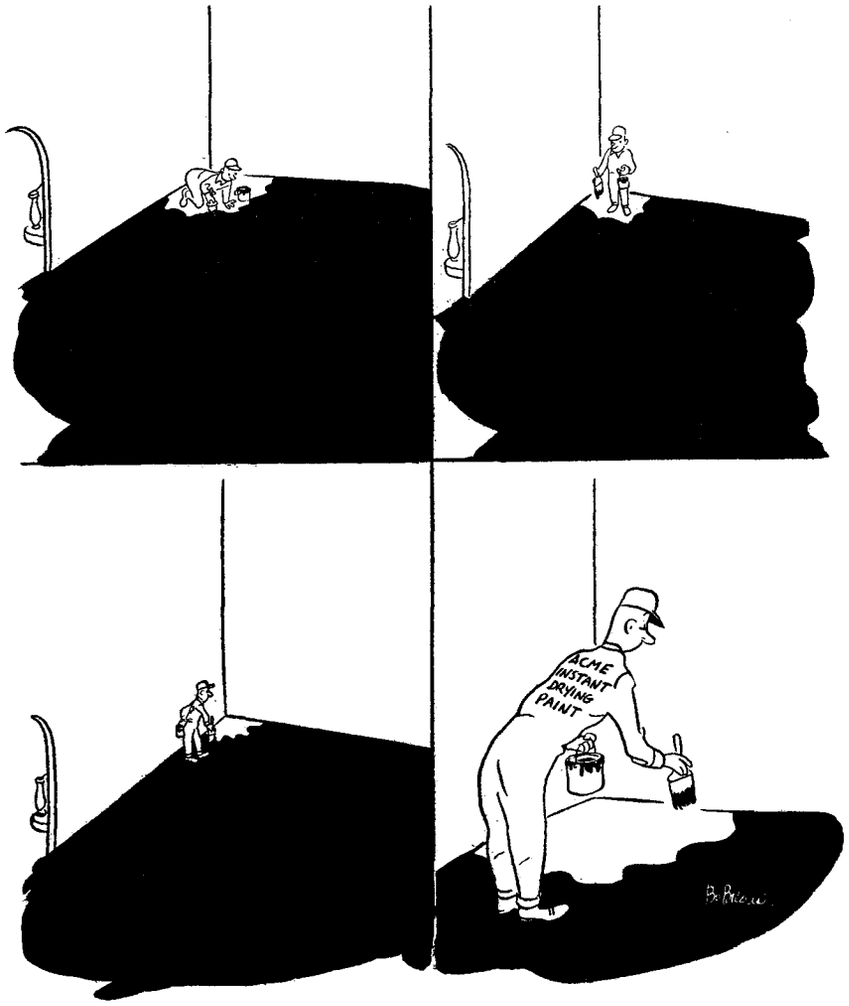


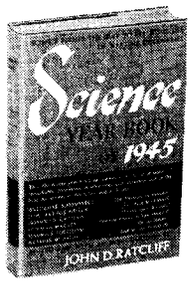
IN DEFERENCE to Joe Williams, sports editor of the *World-Telegram,* who objects to *SRL*ians barging in on his territory, Trade Winds omits the details of how the Yanks and the Cards will qualify for the 1945 World Series, with the Giants finishing fourth. The space saved is devoted to reprinting a few effective paragraphs from Williams's own column:

> Junior, never let 'em tell you Frank Merriwell is dead. Gilbert Patten, his creator, a fine, sensitive, imaginative man, has passed on. But not his hero!
>
> One of the best things that keeps your youth what it is today—yes, and our country—is the fact that Frank Merriwell is as indestructible as the north wind, as enduring as the sun. I've known him many years. I've known him by the name of Babe Ruth, an urchin off the streets of Baltimore, who at 14, began hitting the ball out of the yard for unbelievable distances, and grew up to make more money than we pay the President of the U. S.
>
> There was a Frank Merriwell in the prize ring I knew as Gene Tunney. He came off the harsh downtown docks in New York to win the heavyweight championship, make a million dollars, and marry the girl of his dreams who lived in a towering social castle.
>
> I knew another Frank Merriwell who called himself Gene Sarazen, son of an immigrant Italian laborer. As a barefoot caddy, he resolved to rise above poverty. The last time I saw him on a golf course he was walking arm in arm with the man who gave up his throne for the "woman I love." A far cry from the barefoot days of caddying. But the far cry was the Merriwell battle hymn. . . .

SOMEBODY IS THREATENING to publish a book called "Lady Loverley's Chatter." . . . Hal Horne's proposal to conserve paper: print book jackets only and eliminate the books altogether. "This," he explains, "will stop making bums out of the millions who only scan the jackets anyway and pretend to the world that they read the books. I'm already formulating plans for a Book-Jacket-of-the-Month Club." . . . In Cleveland, Burrows Brothers' Charlie Jackson, the only case of one-hundred per cent Scotch left in Ohio, is reputed to have been a principal in a minor motor accident. The other driver was Irish. Charlie offered him a drink, which was accepted. "Beautiful liquor," pronounced the appeased Hibernian. "But aren't you having a snort yourself?" "Aye," said Charlie, "But noo until the cops've coom." . . . A student who lives up in Worcester is reading much more than he ucester. He's filled up his closet with reprints from Grosset, and acrostics from Simon and Schucester.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



Sometimes the lure of being an adman is irresistible . . . Everybody's got something to sell. I know you've got something to sell me, and I know I want to sell you Ratcliff's **The Science Yearbook of 1945.** But my reasons are not so high-pressured as you might think. **The Science Yearbook of 1945** will not counteract hyperacidity, it will not make you look years younger, it will not solve your decorating problems, or give you two-way relief. What this complete, integrated, fascinating volume will do for you is to give you an unclouded perspective on one of the mainstays of civilization—science. It will lead you to the outposts in all branches of scientific progress, and then it will take you by the hand and say "Step back here a minute and look at the view." Few books on any subject will do that.

★ ★ ★ ★

This lure of the far-removed has captivated people for centuries, whether it was the imported tobacco in the cigarettes you used to smoke, or the exotic plant in your garden. ANNE DORRANCE tells all the travel stories you didn't know about plants and seeds in her book **Green Cargoes.** Did you know that tulips came from Persia, narcissus from Palestine, our wild cornflower from Southwest Asia, acorns from Spain? (When the oak-acorn question is finally settled there will remain the question, which came first, the acorn or Spain.) When I was a child a friend and I ran a yearly fair. I took in a lot of money by bending over to be hit by nice ripe tomatoes at 5¢ a throw. When somebody conceived the wise idea of substituting horse-chestnuts with the burrs on, I developed a distinct interest in plant life. That interest has remained and I have become quite Kieran on the subject. But I'm still wondering why bananas hang upwards, and what that fruit is they talk about in South America—the one they say tastes like a whole fruit salad. Anyway, since I read **Green Cargoes,** I have felt a distinct osmosis taking place and I am very conscious about my meals being balanced for chlorophyl.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

BRAVE MAN

"HI-YA, Ernie?" That's what they used to cry when they saw him. In their throats this was more than a salutation. It was also a question; a question which came from their hearts, and brightened their eyes. They really cared. They wanted him to be feeling "fine."

No other military figure held a higher place in their affections than did this unmilitary little man. They knew that in Ernie they had a friend. I say "Ernie" because the fact that he was known as Ernie was part of his character. A stranger would no more have thought of referring to him as "Mr. Pyle" than he would have dreamed of calling Bismark "Otto," or Will Rogers "William." Although I knew Ernie slightly, I felt I knew him well. So did everyone who read him. He was that kind of man. I wish I had known him intimately.

I saw him several times in Europe last year. First, in Naples, when he had just returned from Cassino and I was headed that way. Next, in London, when the spring was there and all of us were waiting impatiently for the Invasion. Later, on the *Augusta*, where, when he came aboard to file his copy, the excitement which swept through that cruiser was like a monsoon. Finally, in Normandy. The last time I saw him was when, early one morning, several of us went in with him to that littered beach known as "Omaha" about which he was to write one of his finest stories.

When I met Ernie in Naples, his flat may have had furniture in it, but that furniture did not show. All I remember in the way of furnishings are people; young G. I.'s, airmen, and Army nurses. No canteen was ever more crowded than these small rooms. There was a difference, however; a sense of veneration, a centering of interest, such as no canteen knows. Ernie was that center.

These young people hovered about him like priests around an altar. He sat there like some benign god who refused to admit that he was being worshipped. More than hanging upon his words, these youngsters chinned themselves upon them. It took only a minute or two to realize how much Ernie meant to them, and how much they meant to him. He treated them with the solicitude most people reserve for Brass Hats. He showed them the same courtesy and respect which they showed him. He was more than a host. More than a wise uncle. More than an oracle, too. He was their friend and confidant; a person who palpably shared their interests and seemed to share their age. In his case age created no barrier. It did not lessen their affection for him; it merely increased their respect.

The strain of what he had undergone told heavily upon Ernie in Naples. He was so frail and thin that on the way home Bill McDermott, who had been as impressed by him as I was, likened him to Gandhi with his clothes on. Ernie was disturbingly pale. He was fighting not only against the enemy and for the G. I. with his typewriter. He was also fighting against anaemia. There was something of the blueness of his bright blue eyes even in the ivory whiteness of his skin.

When I saw Ernie again, it was, as I say, in London during those final suspensive months which preceded D-Day. He looked made over. His color was no longer white. He told me he had been pinkened by red meat and rest.

We were having drinks late one afternoon in the crowded bar of the Dorchester. Two young airmen from a nearby Bomber Command came in and sat next to us at the corner table. Men in uniform were always recognizing Ernie. Seeing him gave them great pleasure.

Ernie happened to be looking straight ahead of him, when one of the young pilots spotted him. "Isn't that Ernie Pyle?" he whispered across tables to me. When I signaled a "yes" with my head, he nudged his companion. The two of them were as excited as if they had just completed a successful mission over Berchtesgaden.

I told Ernie what had happened, and he asked them both over. Long after I had left, he remained with them. His friendship did not stop with that chance meeting. He visited them at their Command, as any reader of "Brave Men" remembers. He wanted to talk to any man in uniform, especially if he wasn't too highly placed. What is more surprising, every man in uniform wanted to talk to him.

The last time I saw Ernie was when we climbed down the *Augusta's* net into a small boat, and headed for the beaches. With us was the Navy's

—*SRL drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

Ernie Pyle "was the G.I.'s walking delegate to history."

Charles E. Thomas, Pho. M. 1/c. As is the way of photographers, Thomas was not traveling light. He was freighted down with a large movie camera, while I was carrying his no less sizable still camera. When we waded ashore, Ernie was next to me. Half way in, he said, "Come on, give it to me now. It's my turn." I hesitated because he looked so frail and the camera was so heavy. I soon realized, however, that Ernie meant what he said. Not to have given him the camera would have been to hurt his feelings. His carrying it was a point of pride; a principle of behavior also. When he took it, there was a moment when I thought that both he and the camera were lost for good. But, though he sagged uncertainly for an instant, he managed to get both it and himself safely ashore.

His insistence upon sharing the burden was typical of him. It made me understand all the more fully why, as we trudged down those improvised roads, dusty and traffic-jammed, one tired G. I. after another would smile upon seeing him, saying either, "Jeez, there's Ernie Pyle" or the inevitable, "Hi-ya, Ernie. Glad to see ya."

Ernie was more than a little bundle of nerves and perceptions, of high courage and deep sympathy. He was the G. I.'s walking delegate to history. If he shared their feelings, it was because he shared their dangers. In the past there may have been a girl known as the daughter of the regiment. But Ernie was a fellow who had been adopted by the whole Army to serve as its spokesman; by the Navy, too, at least when it could tear him away from a foxhole. No one in this war has been able to do as much as he did to transform the blood and sweat of battle into printer's ink. Or brought

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ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
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Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea. E. of B'y. EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT.

the war with such intimacy into more distant homes.

When, in "Brave Men," he wrote, "I'm a rabid one-man movement bent on tracking down and stamping out everybody in the world who doesn't fully appreciate the common front-line soldier," Ernie was only stating a credo which explained his unique strength as a war writer. Although the common cause was his, he had a cause of his own. He did not want the forgotten men who were making history to remain forgotten.

In physical appearance and mental attitude, Ernie had no connection with either the Richard Harding Davis type of war correspondent or the tough swaggerers so dear to Hollywood. With his balding forehead and his fluffy gray hair, he looked more like a character actor than a lead.

Heroics were as foreign to him as tenderness was natural. He did not glorify battle; he admired the men who could endure it. He hated war as heartily as do most of the sailors and soldiers who fought beside him. His hatred of it colors many of his best passages. Yet he never wrote about it as an observer; always as a participant. He was a new kind of war correspondent—democracy's perfect symbol in a democratic war.

What was exceptional about him was his *seeming* averageness; his ability to enclose every man's war within the parentheses of his own personality. Scores of correspondents have had his courage, but none has had his heart. Ernie remained the small-town boy in a big-time war. He was one Little Man writing about all the others in this Little Man's war. Writing for them, too. Again and again he proved himself their equal in bigness and in gallantry. He was different from them mainly because he was articulate. This is why the typewriter was his weapon, and one that, in the midst of battle, he could use superlatively.

A few of Ernie's readers (a few, because they are the ones who sneered at his simplicities) have tried to suggest that Ernie's columns were on a par with the letters the G. I.'s might have written home, had they been allowed to send them. These scoffers, I believe, have flattered the G. I.'s, and done Ernie a serious injustice. They might as well have been saying what Charles Lamb said when, after discussing Shakespeare with Wordsworth one night, he stuttered gleefully, "W-W-William says he could have written 'H-H-Hamlet' if only he had had the m-m-mind to."

There are millions of G. I.'s, thousands of whom write extremely well, and some of whom, in this letter or in that, have done the best writing to have come out of the war. There are countless professional correspondents,

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
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too. But there was, and will be, only one Ernie Pyle. He may have been no Pater. Which was all to the good. Yet he had a neat, clean, driving style of his own, and a beagle's eye for details.

He could stipple a paragraph with these details. He advanced them in short sentences, rich in color. He made these details do their full emotional duty. He stabbed with them, too. The only deceptive feature of his style was the ease with which he could persuade the reader that he could have written like Ernie. Part of Ernie's skill was his adroitness in hiding it.

Ernie may have been as careful to write down the names and home-town addresses of all the sailors and soldiers he met as if he were covering a meeting of the Rotary Club. He was, however, able to endow the telephone book with a heart. He did not do this as a cheap reader-getting stunt. It was part of his kindness, and a proof of his understanding. It was one of the many ways in which he bridged the wide chasm separating those overseas from those here.

He knew what these names and addresses meant to the men at the front no less than to their families and friends back home. Soldiers and sailors always remained to Ernie citizens in uniform, anxious to get home. To him they were local boys making good in their living, their dying, and their enduring. He was anxious to get them home again, if it was only in print. Ernie did this as no other person writing about this war has been able to do.

His books, "Here Is Your War" and "Brave Men," may be hard, if not impossible, to read continuously. They suffer, as all newspaper reprints do, when encountered within the covers of a book. This does not lessen their value, or mean that their individual entries are not excellent. It is only one measure of their high virtues as journalism. When it comes to a day by day record of the struggles for Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Normandy, Ernie's books will always remain the G. I.'s Bible.

He could tell a story as movingly as his remarkable account of the passage by muleback on a moonlight night of Captain Waskow's body down an Italian mountain. He could describe a scene as unforgettably as he did when he recorded what he saw as he strolled along the Normandy beaches. He could capture the feeling of a convoy, the agony of a hospital tent, or the emotions of men moving into battle, as graphically as in a recent dispatch from the Pacific he recorded the pantomime of the signalmen on a carrier. As a writer, Ernie was no less good than as a man.

The only columns by Ernie which distressed me were those he wrote before he headed for the Pacific. I have in mind those embarrassing "fillers" about the burdens of being famous. They seemed to me in the worst of bad taste. Instead of adding to his legend, I thought, and feared, they might subtract from it. They made me worry about Ernie. They worried me until I realized they were the final indications of his ingenuousness and his honesty. He *was* famous, and his fame bothered him. He wrote about it without affectation, exactly as he had written about all the other unpleasant things he had survived.

Ernie had run more risks and seen more fighting than most. Even before Normandy, he told me he thought his number might be up. He did not want to go to the Pacific. "I am going," wrote he, "simply because there's a war on and I am part of it. And I have known all the time I was going back. I am going simply because I have got to go—and I hate it."

Immediately after the report of Ernie's death on Ie had reached this country, President Truman issued a statement at the White House. It was the second of this kind he had issued since Franklin Roosevelt's passing. "The nation," began Mr. Truman, "is quickly saddened again by the death of Ernie Pyle." The notable word in that statement, the word which stands out almost as if printed in capitals, is the "again." Surely no fancy adjective ever paid so high a compliment as that simple adverb which linked the sadness felt because of a correspondent's passing with the grief we had all known because of President Roosevelt's dying.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS OF LIVING

Avoiding the Neurotic Pattern

By O. SPURGEON ENGLISH, M.D. and G. H. J. PEARSON, M.D.

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Sonnet

APRIL 12, 1945

By Chard Powers Smith

HE was so high, he was so far away
That when he broke we heard no thunder sound,
Nor did we of the forest see him sway
Or feel earth shudder when he struck the ground.
But suddenly the great trees and the small
Knew that the sky we'd known was no more there,
Leaned each to each in love and fear, and all
Above us was an emptiness of air.

And as we leaned in silence and in fright,
We heard a distant flood, as in a dream,
Something familiar, like a well-loved stream.
It was the sound his leaves had always made,
The wind of history in all its might still marching on.
And we were not afraid.

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Social Psychiatry

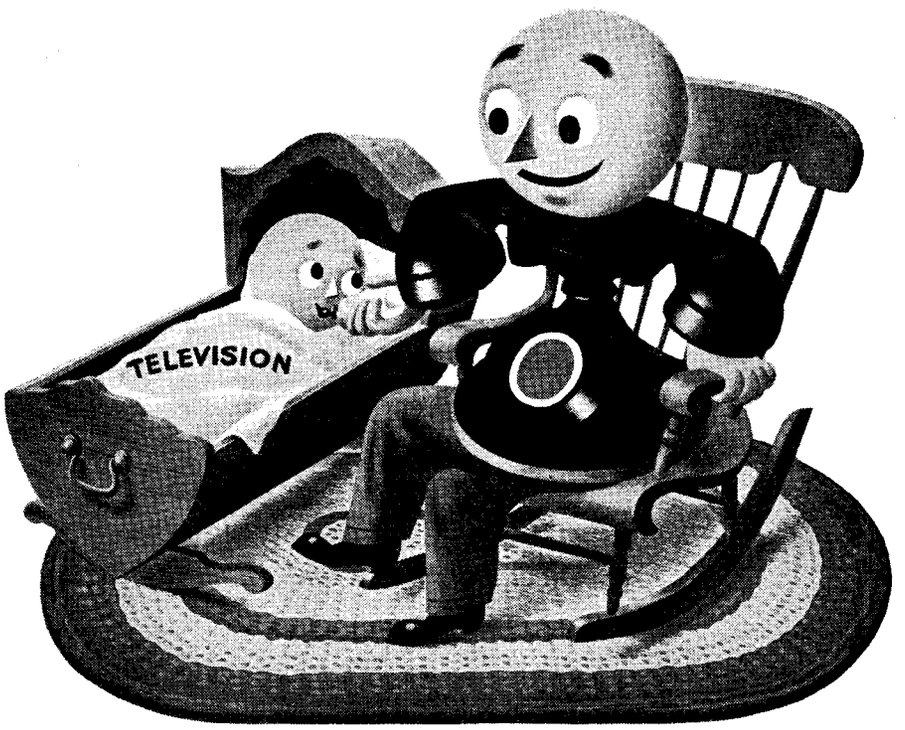
THE SHAPING OF PSYCHIATRY BY WAR. By John Rawlings Rees, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1945. 158 pp. Index. $2.75.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

IT is characteristic of this war that Brigadier Rees should view mental health and illness as mass phenomena and army psychiatry as social psychiatry, analogous to school psychiatry or industrial psychiatry rather than that practised in the office or hospitals of civilian life. After five years of service with the British Army, he has given his American colleagues the benefit of his experience and thought, in the Thomas W. Salmon Memorial Lectures, which now appear in book form.

In this war, especially in England, he tells us, there has been a shortage of manpower, including medical and psychiatric manpower, and as the war has developed a system of priorities had to be instituted in this field too. The great need of the Army so far has not been to cure mental illness nor to care for the incurable. Above all the problems have been those of selection and placement—to preserve the efficiency of the Army as a fighting machine from the incompetent, the stupid, and the psychopathic. The methods applied, which utilize teams consisting of a psychiatrist, a psychologist, and a member of the combatant services, resemble those used in child guidance clinics: the psychiatrist handles the general personality interviews, the psychologist applies the special intelligence and capacity tests, while the military specialist has the special knowledge of the jobs for which the men are intended, and so is an analogue of the civilian social worker. After the initial tests and selection, the psychiatrist continues his lubricative function, reducing the friction that comes of putting square pegs in round holes, and finding the proper square holes for them; so that neurotics are given suitable work at the bases and "dullards" put into appropriate positions where they will be efficient and comfortable.

The treatment of neurotic states that arise from combat is conceded to be an important function of the psychiatrist; yet though he praises the intelligent work done in the Allied Armies, Brigadier Rees holds no special opinion as to which methods are preferable. Justly enough, he points out that in the last war hypnosis was as effective as the various narcotherapies seem to be in this one. The psychoses, because of their small number, he con-



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The award of the Harper Prize is always an important event. Three past Harper Prize Novels have also won the Pulitzer Prize: *The Able McLaughlins* (1923), by Margaret Wilson; *Honey in the Horn* (1935), by H. L. Davis; *Journey in the Dark* (1943), by Martin Flavin.

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siders relatively unimportant. As to the psychoneuroses, properly speaking, although the author expresses an enthusiastic interest in psychoanalysis and regards the possession of what he calls a psychodynamic point as essential to psychiatric success, he has no particular views on the therapy of these conditions and gives an unconvincing account of the "cure" of fears of impotence in soldiers and analogous amenorrhea and fears of sterility among the women of the Auxiliary Corps.

Brigadier Rees sees psychiatry in the mass. He sees it being given a social shape by the war. In the post-war world, he believes that it will hold this shape, so that mental hospitals and medical education will adapt themselves to the new situation. Psychiatry will pervade the rest of medicine and in turn will call upon the social sciences for collaboration. In other words it will resemble present-day British military psychiatry, and laboratory research and hospital case material, to which it is now so strongly attached, will be subordinated.

With all due respect to the keen social penetration of the Director of Tavistock Clinic, this seems a one-sided view. No one can tell what discovery will set the stage for the psychiatry even of the very near future, nor the field of origin of that discovery. That psychiatry should be conscious of its social function, no matter how extended this may seem, is good. It is good too, and a merit to point it out, that education should be influenced accordingly. But this social function is the form and not the substance. It is all very well to drain the marshes; but doctors do well not to neglect the morphology of the malarial plasmodium and the pharmocology of quinine. Public health is a complex specialty in itself.

Brigadier Rees himself realizes the limits of his profession; indeed he is ruthlessly free of any panaceal self-illusion, nor is there any suggestion of "sales-talk" in this book. He is to be congratulated too for his obviously genuine freedom from any nationalistic narcissism. Even those who may differ with him will respect his hard-headed and critical attitude.

And one word more; let us not think we are not without grave responsibility ourselves for the ruin of this war, and not without responsibility toward the world of the future. Particularly those who always preached America Über Alles! When Spain was crucified by Nazi planes and fascist troops we stood aside. For a long while we stood aside, and merely wondered. Europe was not our affair.

Sidney Hook

Awarded the Nicholas Murray Butler Silver Medal* of Columbia University for

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This is "Rich," more formally known as Lieutenant I. D. Richardson, U.S.N.R.

YOU are going to be hearing a lot about Rich in the next few months, so you might like to know a little about his background. He is twenty-six years old, but looks younger. He was born in Denver, son of a Methodist minister. Lived in Springview, Nebraska and in Los Angeles.

In 1941 he was executive officer to Kelly of the "Expendables." But Rich's story just starts with that. After Corregidor fell, Rich was on Leyte. The Japs were there, too. In complete possession of the island—they thought. At first Rich was occupied with simply surviving. Then he happened on some Filipino guerrillas. Little by little Rich found himself becoming a guerrilla leader, organizing the Filipino bands that never stopped harassing the Japs; making bullets out of curtain rods, gasoline out of palm tree sap; setting up a medical corps, a tax system, a currency system for an underground government whose "capitol" was any hiding place in the jungle, in the night. This 24-year-old son of a clergyman became a jungle fighter, strategist, warrior-statesman-of-all-work. Finally he constructed the radio intelligence network that furnished the information on which MacArthur based his triumphal landings on Leyte.

* * * *

Rich's story, told by Ira Wolfert, one of America's greatest foreign correspondents, is called AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES. *It is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May. Enthusiastic comments have come in from 36 book reviewers. Here are a few of them:*

CLIFTON FADIMAN: "AMERICAN GUERRILLA is a tale of absorbing suspense, genuinely exciting from beginning to end."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN: "Iliff David Richardson, the American boy turned guerrilla, is a combination of Daniel Boone and Ernest Hemingway hero."

ALICE DIXON BOND: "Richardson's exploits make Robinson Crusoe look like a Caspar Milquetoast."

STERLING NORTH: "Wolfert's prose plus Richardson's adventures combine to produce one of the most readable books of the war."

AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES

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The Deadly Dove

By
RUFUS KING
author of
THE CASE OF THE DOWAGER'S ETCHINGS

IF you like snickers with your scares this is your dish, as sinister a tale as ever sent a reader into hysterics. *Rufus King*, master of the plot extraordinary, has his "hero", Alan Edmont, marry an elderly, enormously wealthy widow, Christine. Enter a gangster demanding $25,000 owed him by bridegroom. They arrange to "rub out" Christine in such fashion that Alan's delicate feelings will be spared as to time and place. Then he learns that she has put all her money in an annuity, and it becomes Alan's absorbing task to protect the lady from all harm. How he dies a thousand deaths trying to prevent one murder makes a wacky story in the hilarity-with-horror manner of *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

At your bookseller's, $2.00

Jerusalem During the First Holy Week

THE INNOVATOR. By John Brett Robey. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 292 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS story of Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion was written while Mr. Robey was a prisoner of the Japanese in Hankow. Its detailed scholarship, its elaborate assortment of types and characters, its studious psychology would be remarkable had the author written it with the resources of the Bodleian or the British Museum or the New York Public Library; to have written it in the conditions of an internment camp is an amazing example of pertinacity, memory, and the skilful use of the old notes which Mr. Robey had with him.

It would, then, be a pleasure to say that "The Innovator" is a first-rate or very readable book; but truth prevents that. The novelist's learning is too much in evidence, and too lavishly displayed. I respect his refusal to make Jesus Christ a speaking character; Our Lord only appears in His effect on his enemies, in contacts with his friends. In the final chapter, where we see the trial before Caiaphas, Mr. Robey gives Jesus the words recorded in the Gospels. That is all. And the book breaks off, rather than ends, before the trial before Pilate, before the crucifixion.

"The Innovator," that is, is not another novel about Jesus, not one more effort to "elongate the gospels"; it is a long, sometimes tedious panorama of the society in Jerusalem. Specifically, it is an account of the actions, thoughts, customs, fears, plots, of certain men and women in Holy Week, and more particularly of the mind and character of Councillor Hayyim, a subtle, inquiring, intelligent man whose skepticism at one moment even goes so far as to wonder if the authorities can be wrong in their opinion of Jesus. Mr. Robey believes that, while the different parties in the Jewish church have sunk their differences and combined to destroy Jesus, one quarrel continues. One of his characters is a rich Gentile merchant, Porphirios, who is intriguing to gain a larger share of the profits of the Temple trade. The resolving of the conflict, and the part played in that resolution by various characters, is one of the chief motifs of the story; but I do not find it is as interesting as Mr. Robey's portrait of Hayyim, whom he makes a likable man, in spite of his end of the world cynicism towards the realities to which he is almost blind.

The book's main weakness is its lack of concentration. It is patterned rather like an Italian fresco, one of those lovely paintings, say, in the Campo Santo in Pisa, with no effective perspective, no arrangement by which attention is called to one figure or one incident. Now the subject is unsuited to this kind of treatment. It serves adequately, or even magnificently, for a picturing of the Epiphany, for the superb procession of the Wise Men or the breathless scamper of the shepherds, but not for Holy Week. Or rather, not for Holy Week unless the story was written in a mood of deracinated disillusion—such a mood as provoked Anatole France's wonderful story "The Procurator of Judea." But Mr. Robey is not Anatole France, or even Renan. He is evidently a believer and devout; and in his admirable determination to be reverent, he is merely distracting. At moments I felt his book would have been better, had the cause of all this political pother been not Jesus but Bar Abbas.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE RED HOUSE *George Agnew Chamberlain* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.50)	Remote and mysterious cabin in New Jersey pine forests scene of horrendous happenings.	Good melodrama—with romantic trimmings—and colorful treatment of too little-known American cultural backeddy.	Shivery
ENEMY UNSEEN *Freeman Wills Crofts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Blowing-up, via stolen grenade, of oldster on English beach and similar demise of second victim put Insp. French on his mettle.	Village animosities, hint of sabotage, exceptionally clever murderer, and French doing his regular job of painstaking deduction.	French fans will like it

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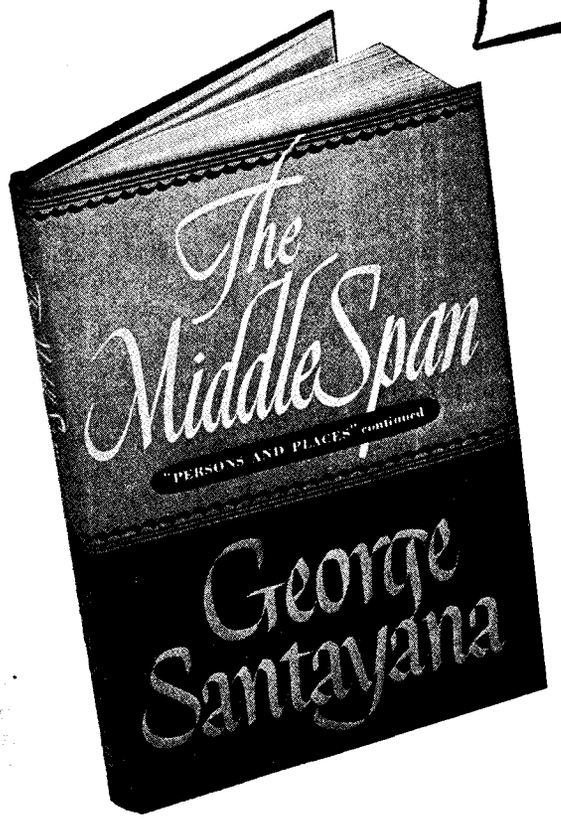

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A Great South American Figure

SAN MARTIN. By Ricardo Rojas. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1945. 370 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

CONTEMPORARY South Americans, we are told, called Jose de San Martín, among other things, "spy, traitor, hypocrite, ambitious, charlatan, inept, cuckold, ignorant, sybarite, sensual, mulatto, coward, drunkard, assassin and thief." To Ricardo Rojas, dean of Argentine writers, he was "the Saint of the Sword" and the "Knight of the Andes." History confirms that contemporary detractors were wrong. But Mr. Rojas's biography, as translated into English by Herschel Brickell and Carlos Videla, represents the opposite swing of the pendulum.

No one now denies that San Martín was a truly great figure. Comparisons with George Washington are not unjust since in many ways San Martín bears the same relation to the freeing of southern South America from the Spaniards that Washington bore to the freeing of North America from the British. But North Americans are willing to concede that Washington was human, that he had his faults, that his greatness was no less obscured by the frailties that make him understandable.

Mr. Rojas seems determined to wrap his hero in the cloak of mystical genius, arguing at length against anything or anyone who would detract one whit from the majesty of this portrait. And all is presented in a kind of rococo prose that sounds as though the author had been too much influenced by the style of his early nineteenth century sources. In fact, it is hard to realize that this work was first published in 1933. A typical sample:

> Here again was the sure accent of prophecy: the eyes of the genius encompassed all his America, and his ear heard the orders which came to him from the invisible. The voice of destiny was calling him. Divine visions lighted his words, and reflections of superhuman light illumined the whole continent, whose destiny was his . . .

Whether the author or the translator is responsible is hard to say. Mr. Brickell explains that "Senor Rojas's approach to his task is plainly more Latin than Anglo-Saxon. He treats San Martín as a superman, belonging to the long line of supermen or semi-mythical beings who are God-inspired in their search for the Holy Grail or some other symbol of a passionate love of mankind . . . Our attempt to put it into English was beset with difficulties, as Spanish lends itself much better to the author's mystical approach than our more prosaic and less rhetorical English. It is fair to assume that few translators with a real love of the original language of a work have ever felt anything except humility in gazing upon their attempt to reclothe an author's thoughts in alien garments . . ."

It is too bad that San Martín could not have been introduced to a wider North American public with a defter hand. An Argentine "criollo," he returned to Spain with his family and entered the Spanish army in his teens. He was a successful Spanish soldier but in 1812, when he was thirty-four, he abandoned his career and returned to Argentina to aid the revolution. He soon was accepted in social and military circles and began training an army for what he conceived to be the nub of the liberation problem—the conquest of the Spanish stronghold of Peru. For two years he drilled his special "task force" and then made an epic crossing of the Andes to defeat the Spanish in Chile and win that nation's independence. With the help of Admiral Cochrane, with whom he was not on friendly terms, he began the series of campaigns that resulted in Peruvian independence. In a historic meeting he conferred with Bolívar in Ecuador and as the author writes, "from these conferences came the ascent of Bolívar and the elimination of San Martín." Back he went, through Peru, Chile, and Argentina and on into voluntary exile in Europe.

He was a professional soldier who, for his times, was far from bloodthirsty. He was not above conferring with the enemy in an attempt to avert battles and he craftily infiltrated enemy ranks with republican propaganda. He hated fusses and when dignitaries tried to arrange triumphal welcomes or emotional ladies tried to gush he retreated in dismay—in contrast to Bolívar. He refused to enter politics and he died a poor man. At his best he was a brilliant and daring tactician and his life story is testimony to rare singleness of purpose.

But in Mr. Rojas's turgid prose he emerges as a "lay saint," "purified like the noblest metals," "bathed by the light of a sublime virtue," "paladin," and "agent of destiny." One could only wish that somewhere among the superlatives, the defenses, and the praise that showers with monotonous regularity something more of the things that make a man real and understandable had been found by the biographer. Those who believe that humanity is—after all—human can only suspect a work that makes a soldier and a genius into a shadowy saint.

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Guide to the "Air Age"

THE AIRMAN'S ALMANAC. Edited by Francis Walton. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 512 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by REGINALD M. CLEVELAND

BOOKS, among their many functions, not only show the shape of things to come, but sometimes disclose the full-blown actuality of a state of mind which had not been fully realized. Such a volume is "The Airman's Almanac," a compendium of air facts on world aviation which has been aimed to do for the air age what "The Farmer's Almanac" in another era did for the age of agrarian expansion and what "The Seaman's Almanac" did for the age of maritime development. This aim largely has been accomplished in a closely-packed book of 498 pages without index, which presents a miscellany of information on the world of the air; its rules, routes, records, operations, airports, flyers, planes, engines, history, law, diet, dates, medicine, finance, and navigation.

Immense and painstaking research evidently lies behind this first issue of what is to be an annual publication. It is research, however, which has been illuminated by expert editing. Essentially a book of facts and of reference, principal categories are highlighted by terse, lucid, and informative paragraphs and pages of background material. Thus, such subjects as the principles of flight, the atmosphere, aeropolitics, flying weather, air navigation, aerial communication, electronics in aviation, techniques of ocean flying, aviation medicine and law, and many others are clarified for the layman.

Special attention has been given to the cumulative records and achievements in all the varied fields of aeronautics, and here the true magnitude of present-day flight is revealed. The tables of records, chronology, the thumbnail description of the airlines of the world, and the running account of the air war in 1944 all are of particular value when gathered thus into one volume.

As explained in the foreword, "the inter-relation of aeronautics with modern life to such a degree as to justify the calling the present day the Air Age is encountered at many points and extends into a great multiplicity of fields. It has been said that in the classic work of Mahan on seapower wherever the word 'ship' occurs the word 'airplane' could be substituted and the whole problem of surface military relationships would be transported into the skies."

One of the most praiseworthy things about the "Almanac" is its recognition that air is essentially global and not provincial. It is pictured as a universal ocean, usable constructively as well as destructively by all peoples, and the compression in terms of space of our habitable earth by the very universality of air itself and the speed with which its vehicles can move, can make of it a medium of better understanding.

Because of its wealth of technical and statistical information, "The Airman's Almanac" will prove of use to all persons connected directly with aeronautics. Beyond this, however, it should have both interest and value to the general public by revealing how directly air and its use impinges on the life of every living person and with what astonishing speed the epochal accomplishment of the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk has developed to change a world.

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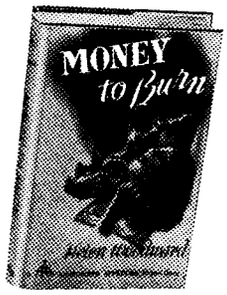

MONEY to Burn

by Helen Woodward

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AN ARMCHAIR MYSTERY AN ARMCHAIR MYSTERY

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 97

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 97 will be found in the next issue.

ABCZBC, YXDE FWVBUW ZGHC

—TKKWCDW GCZ ZGUN—

DKWAA BV HWE WGUEM GCZ

OUBHEM VUBK EMW SGUN.

—GATJW ZXWU KTAAWU

—EMW HMTEW JATVVD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 96

SHARP VIOLINS PROCLAIM THEIR JEALOUS PANGS, AND DESPERATION, FURY, FRANTIC INDIGNATION, DEPTH OF PAIN, AND HEIGHT OF PASSION.

—DRYDEN.

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The Thompson Saga

JOE THE WOUNDED TENNIS PLAYER. By Morton Thompson. With an introduction by Robert Benchley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 208 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

EVERY form of life carries within it the seed of its own destruction, according to novelists, scientists, and other people who make a study of such phenomena. Vanity, being a form of life, should conform to this rule; and it does. It carries within it the seed of foolishness, which sprouts tentacles of satire and parody which, like a strangler fig, stifle and kill the host. The rash of autobiographies by colossal nonentities which in recent years has crept over the literary land, could not help but produce its own antidote—such books as Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times" for instance, or the recent volumes of H. Allen Smith. An addition to this medicinal list is "Joe the Wounded Tennis Player," which purports to be the life and times of a columnist, but which might as well be a portion of the sound track of Morton Thompson's stream of consciousness. The author empties his remembrances—humorous and sentimental anecdotes, family history, favorite recipes, etc.—into a slim and highly readable volume. You can take it anywhere and be happy for a few hours.

There is less guile to Thompson, less pure ham, than the average of his species exhibits. He is unabashedly sad to find that the human race is a pawn of the comic spirit. He has his hours of extroversion, but he spends some honest time with himself. Mostly he seems devoid of arrogance, which is money in the bank for any man.

It is strange that such a hodge-podge can be so consistently interesting. There are stories about Thompson's mother, about his Hollywood friends, about his newspaper employers, about his culinary art, about his hunting expeditions, about an eccentric who manned a ship with cripples and sailed away to find an island paradise, about a tailor who saved some women from a fire but forgot to put on his pants, and about Lewie, who talked with horses, and to whom horses talked.

Thompson must be a young fellow, and a little naive. He faithfully recounts some pretty old chestnuts, and soberly says they happened to people he knows. The introduction is by Robert Benchley instead of Fred Allen, who ordinarily does these jobs. The illustrations by Virgil Partch scared the wits out of me.

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the Phoenix Nest

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IN the room at Warm Springs,
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Something quietly sings
Lingering still:

Warm and loving thought
Of a brave heart,
That cannot be taught
By any art.

The cold and clever say
What was, or portends.
Their words will pass away.
Here were his friends.

Though by the blind reviled,
His hope for Man was one.
The crippled child
Smiled in the sun.

With valor his heart beat
Though War was a bloody cloud.
The tired man in the street
Looked up more proud.

Bold, many-sided mind,
Questing for all the door
From midnight blind
To day once more,

Here his heart is a shield,
The sunlight sings;
The crippled child is healed
At Warm Springs.

Earnest Elmo Calkins, writer on business and advertising, and well-known author, communicates as follows:

You touch briefly what was, if not a Golden Age, at least a Golden Hour in the pied history of printing when you mention Copeland & Day and Stone & Kimball, for these two with Way & Williams, of Chicago, were almost the first publishers to give to books a pleasing format, rare in those days, and distinctive even in these. You are too young to remember the impact of *The Chap-Book*, that engaging little magazine put out by Stone & Kimball as a house organ that achieved weight as a literary periodical and provoked a host of imitators, among them the *Lark* and the *Philistine*.

To a humble young printer in the nineties vainly trying to express with types something better than the stodgy product of contemporary print shops that little magazine was an inspiration, as it was to many others. "The Sin-Eater" and "The Washer of the Ford" appeared first in its pages, and its covers and posters were from designs by Claude Fayette Bragdon, Frank Hazenplug, Bertram Goodhue (who designed the Cheltenham type), Will Bradley, and Tom Meteyard ("the man of paint" of "Songs from Vagabondia"). But it was the typography that impressed this writer, for he was deaf and destined to gather most of his pleasure from what he saw, and *The Chap-Book* opened the door to a new world and doubled his interest in the products of print. The magazine was begun while its promoters were still in Harvard, but when it moved to Chicago it came under the administration of Fred Goudy, whose effective use of Caslon types marked a new note in printing.

The Chap-Book was equally distinguished in its contents, for its pages launched many "firsts," among them the books or poems of George Ade, Eugene Field, Gilbert Parker, I. Zangwill, H. B. Marriott-Watson, Kenneth Grahame, Max Beerbohm, H. G. Wells, Clyde Fitch, Hamlin Garland, W. B. Yeats, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Richard le Gallienne, Percival Pollard, Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Alice Morse Earle, Julian Hawthorne, Robert Louis Stevenson, Paul Verlaine, Stéphane Mallarmé, Maurice Maeterlinck, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Edmund Gosse, F. Frankfort Moore, W. E. Henley—a list, the editors modestly asserted, not equalled by any other five-cent magazine.

A host of pleasant but nostalgic memories was stirred by your allusion, and I could not help joining in the conversation.

As a matter of fact, my father was one of the original subscribers to *The Chap-Book*, and I once possessed some of the *Lark* posters by Florence Lundborg.

The following poem came to me some time ago. It strikes me as very good indeed, and I have held it thus long only because of the pressure of other material:

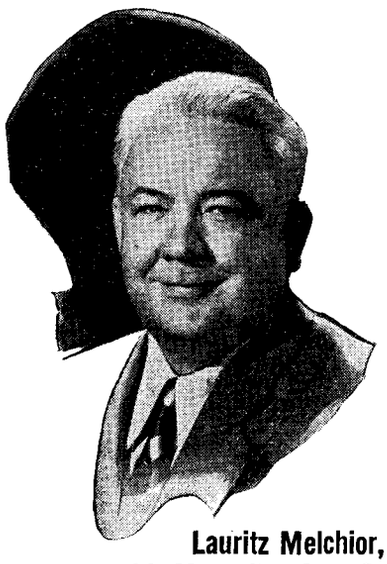
DIMIDIUM ANIMAE MEAE

We used to shadow box on the shining grass
Against the dark dripping green of barberry and bridal-wreath
In the rainbow mist of the sprinklers that spread their peacock fans slowly, stately in the westering summer sun.
And I was fleeter, but you were stronger.
And first I was the giant Willard, because I was the taller,
And then I was Carpentier, the fair Frenchman, because I liked him better,
But you were ever the swart Dempsey,
And ever the champion.
And we were happy, O my brother.

There was the time at the carnival when you spent your money quickly
(While I hoarded mine, for I had ever the double soul, and you were always a single heart)
On the swirl-wound long distaffs of taffy, flax-threaded, honey-hued,
And the popcorn hydrangeas on their wooden stalks,
So that there were no pennies left for tickets at the weathered kiosks,
To ride the shaggy ponies in the weedy paddock:
And I bought you screed after screed of green-stamped talismen;
And you rode round and round, easily, and confident as I never was.
And we were happy, O my brother.

And once, swimming to the raft, by the bright bobbing floats,
While the loud-speaker trumpets husked out the "Pagan Love Song" over the choppy wavelets,
With the sand warm and white on the beaches, I tired,
And you helped me.
And once we fought after the hard-played tennis
On the raised court by the whistling Cape grass and the opal Bay,
Over who should take a girl to the *Blue Moon* that enchanted night.
And I won, and victory harshed brass on the tongue, and the magic drained pale from the evening;
And the girl had cow eyes and thick ankles . . .

Tonight it tastes cold and clear; the fire burns sweet by the burnished andirons.



Lauritz Melchior, *heroic tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company.*
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But there is snow in the Vosges passes;
the moon glints sharp on your gun barrel . . .
I am lonely, O my brother.

CHARLES A. BRADY

Ethel Jacobson of Fullerton, California, contributes:

CONDOR CANDOR

One of the morbid things I ponder:
Why did someone invent the condor?

He hasn't brains,
He hasn't beauty,
Nor yet a lofty
Sense of duty.

Who had to make him, between bad dreams, like?
Everyone has his off days, seems like.

On the 20th of March, Stanley Burnshaw of The Dryden Press, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, wrote me the following sad news concerning a genuine poet:

> James Daly died on Sunday morning, after suffering for two years from cancer. He had been directing the Community Playhouse in Pasadena until his illness forced him into inactivity. I received word of his death from his widow—formerly Margaret Church, of Montclair, to whom he was married about seven or eight years ago and with whom he had two young children.
>
> I recall having heard from Jim of his acquaintance with you and of his appreciation of some of the good things you said about his poetry. I know this meant a great deal to him, for he missed sorely the kind of recognition that he felt his writing deserved.
>
> I believe he would have been about forty-four years old this summer, though I do not recall these details. I do know that his published books number three: "The Guilty Sun," which I set up by hand and printed in 1926; "One Season Shattered," published by the Centaur Press in 1936; and "Poems: 1923-1943," which The Dryden Press issued late in 1943 in an effort to get it into circulation while he could still take some satisfaction in it. At that time we did not know how long he would last.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. April; Browning: "Home Thoughts from Abroad." 2. March; Bryant: "March." 3. June; Burns: "My Luve Is Like a Red Red Rose." 4. October; Carman: "A Vagabond Song." 5. June; Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner." 6. October; Cooper: "October's Party." 7. April; Emerson: "Concord Hymn." 8. April; Frost: "New Hampshire." 9. July; Gilbert: "The Pirates of Penzance." 10. May; Goldsmith: The Traveller." 11. September; Guest: "It's September." 12. November; Hood: "No." 13. April; Longfellow: "Paul Revere's Ride." 14. June; Lowell: "The Vision of Sir Launfal." 15. May; Milton: "On May Morning."

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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EASTERN COLLEGE GIRL with wanderlust wants summer job west of Boston. Box 192-L.

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 33)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IN the recent *SRL* DC for April 14, the quotation from T. D. McGee's speech is the last of the series of Canadian expressions of their Dominion growth I gathered at Toronto in September. As a whole book of DCs devoted to Canada in the interests of international fellowship was not feasible, I decided to cover the notable figures in their political history. In this choice I was of course helped by the staff of the Toronto Public Library. I have thus gone into detail as to these selections in reply to a note of protest just received from a group of Eastern puzzlers begging for a surcease. They omit their reasons for this request. I can understand their impatience at the apparent sameness of the ideas on nationality expressed therein; but I wonder whether their disapproval hasn't something to do with the difficulty of recognizing the Acrostic, or, perhaps, like myself, they like to get at the source of the quotation and could not in these cases. I sometimes think that I do not give you a sufficiency of new authors.

E. O. James, who writes that he has retired from thirty-five years of teaching at Mills College, Calif., now with freedom to play a bit, is enjoying DCs (though he is most skeptical of "Brahmins" who use no reference books) and he has sent me a list of poets and poems with which I am not familiar. If I find that such are accessible to the library reader, I shall certainly try them on you.

Roger F. Evans, a charter subscriber to the *SRL,* although he lived in China until 1928 and let his subscription lapse for a while later, managed to secure the back numbers and now boasts a complete file. He recounts his experience in unraveling the DCs from various cues (due really to his ready wit) and enjoys the associations called up by such words as Habitants, Lauentians, and even the name of Miss Colcord, whom he once met in relief work.

Mrs. C. A. Bennett, Branford, Conn., also knew the *SRL* from the beginning, for her husband was a Professor of Philosophy at Yale when Henry Seidel Canby began his career there, which they followed into the *SRL.* She thinks that had DCs existed then her husband would have been in the group with James Leyburn and Bruce Simonds, but she adds that she herself is just a "plodder who loves words."

Among recent DC callers was Mrs. Bruce Scott, Evanston, Ill., one of that alert group there including J. T. Hatfield, Chester Bradford, and Mrs. J. D. Hunter, and we were joined for dinner by her daughter Janet, now assisting in the compilation of a chemistry encyclopedia here in the East. Just this morning, Mrs. Louis Neville, of Cambridge and Wellesley Hills, called up to greet me on her way from the Midwest.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 579

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

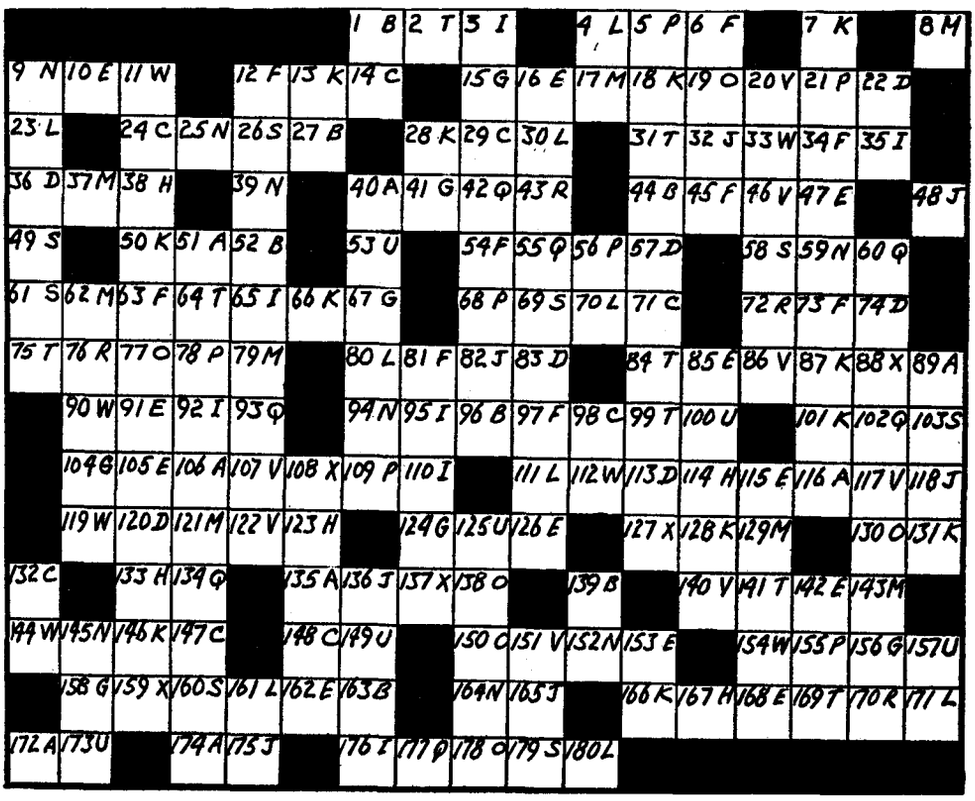
The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 8 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Settled inalienably on a line of descendants (lands or tenements).
B. Vestigial digit not reaching to the ground, on the foot of a quadruped.
C. Designating the white pine *(Pinus strobus).*
D. Mites; pygmies.
E. American artist, wood engraver, lithographer (1882-; full name).
F. The goldfinch of Europe (Comp.)
G. Steel skirt from waist to knees in 15th-16th cent. armor.
H. Short title and child hero of novel by Rousseau.
I. Nocturnal lemurs of Madagascar (Comp.)
J. Third Symphony by Schumann (E-flat major).
K. The supreme bhakti scripture of India (Comp.)
L. Made a carom (Curling).
M. Last name of a pseudonym by Irving.
N. Mountain range in Afghanistan (Shah Fuladi highest, 16,874 ft.; Comp.)
O. Margaret Fuller's name as Marchioness.
P. Burning with zeal.
Q. Scottish painter, "Father of Scottish landscape art" (1758-1840).
R. Name of four Holy Roman Emperors (962-1218).
S. Russian poet (1821-77).
T. American playwright (1896-; "Idiot's Delight").
U. Public works officials in ancient Rome.
V. Former great Russian dancer of Polish descent (1890-).
W. To desist from strife (with "sword").
X. First name of Dombey's second wife (Dickens).

WORDS

172 89 135 106 174 51 116 40
163 27 1 96 52 139 44
148 14 132 71 29 98 147 24
36 57 74 120 113 83 22
85 16 168 10 91 105 126 162 142 153 115 47
6 63 45 73 54 97 12 81 34
15 124 156 104 41 67 158
123 114 133 38 167
65 3 35 92 110 95 176
82 136 165 175 48 118 32
166 13 50 28 128 87 131 66 18 7 101 146
70 161 30 80 23 111 171 180 4
121 37 17 79 8 129 62 143
152 59 145 39 164 9 94 25
77 130 138 178 150 19
68 109 155 78 5 56 21
42 55 134 177 93 60 102
170 72 43 76
58 103 179 69 61 49 160 26
99 2 64 75 31 141 169 84
100 173 53 125 149 157
20 86 140 151 46 107 122 117
119 154 33 90 144 112 11
88 127 137 108 159



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